

The Messenger

"Is the Truth in Jesus."

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Poetry.

HYMN TO THE HOLY GHOST.

Grace Increate!

From whose informing Fire
All acts that to immortal glory tend,
Their force acquire.

Hail! Life of life;

Hail, PARACLETE Divine!
All justice, sanctity, obedience, love
And truth, are Thine.

Thou in the Blood

Of Him who died for men,
By Sacramental element applied,
Dost wash us clean.

Thou to the deeds

Of every passing hour
In Thee performed, impartest merit new,
And Heavenly power.

From grace to grace,

On wings of love to proceed,
And with assisting hand my faltering steps
To Sion lead.

So may I mount

In peace the holy hill,
And safe at last by Life's eternal fount,
There drink my fill.

—Lyra Messianica.

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

THE GROUND OF ECCLESIASTICAL HARMONY.

Numerous attempts have been made to bring the various denominations into harmonious accord with each other. This has been done in many ways:—by endeavoring to cultivate a spirit of general toleration, which will acknowledge the right of every branch of the Church to proclaim its own doctrine, without entering into conflict with or differing with it; by endeavoring to abolish the elements of Christianity in each sect, which are antagonistic to those emphasized by the rest, and thus induce each to take its stand upon some general creed broad enough for all; and, in a more positive way, by asserting a new basis of faith, which it is hoped, will be satisfactory to all; as has been done by the society of Christians, which requires mainly the acceptance of the Bible itself, instead of a particular confession or catechism, as containing the principles those are to acknowledge who enter its communion. Every attempt so far seems to have resulted in almost entire failure. Good results of the effort, however, have appeared in more friendly intercourse which now subsists between members of the various Churches, and also in a union of the different branches of at least one denomination—the Presbyterian. But in spite of Young Men's Christian Associations and Evangelical Alliances, the antagonism existing between the various parts of the body mystical is still almost as irreconcilable as that which raged between the different parts of the body human in Aescop's fable.

One reason for this is undoubtedly the profound belief of each party, that its own confession contains a truth that the others do not, which, for conscience' sake, must be maintained. To yield it would be to give up what has been apprehended as the essential spirit of Christianity; and the position is a

strong one. These different principles cannot be bound together, for each as now uttered to a great extent excludes the others. Even if they should be made to stand side by side, the union would be that of a bundle of sticks, held together by an outside band, and would come to an end as soon as the band was broken. If there is to be any real union, it must be on the basis of vital principle, which draws into true harmony all divergent principles, just as the stem of the tree forms the point of harmony for all the branches.

It appears to the writer, that here lies the only ground of true hope. It has nothing eclectic in it; for eclecticism takes its stand, to a great extent, apart from the systems which it hopes to unite, and from examination of them, strives to educe the ground of union, which is generally of such a nature as to alter in a very immaterial way the aspect of truth presented by each. It strives to strike a middle course, which, while touching all, will not take hold of any very heartily. That is the position only of a very negative mind, and of one too, which was never stirred very deeply by faith in anything. The grand principle of union cannot be born by selection, however the study of the various aspects of Christianity may open the way for it, but it must come from a profounder and more spiritual grasp of the essential life of Christianity, which in unfolding meets and satisfies all demands made upon it, not because it seeks to reconcile, but because in its own development all the various principles of Christianity are revealed in their true character. Divine sovereignty, free will, justification by faith, efficacy of good works, apostolic succession, each is a fortune such as the fortune-hunters of Africa find, containing much that is worthless, but hiding within a diamond of real worth. The difficulty here lies in the inability to get rid of the outside casing and find the diamond.

The revelation of such a grand, fundamental principle as this, could not come without being preceded by a period of the most radical changes in all the circumstances of our life. It would be almost equivalent to the faith of a new age. We must so conclude, if the past is to teach us any lessons concerning the future. For we see in every nation and age, how dominant religious ideas show themselves, not only in particular expressions of faith, but also in social ways and customs, and, broader still, in the whole life and thinking of the people who accept them. Such was the case with the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans; such was the case with the Jews; and mighty revolutions in every sphere of human existence accompanied the growth of Christianity. The Reformation of the 16th century was like a new birth to Christendom; and we cannot but believe that the unfolding of the inner spirit of our faith in such a transcendent manner as to involve the destruction of our denominational system, would result in changes social and political, as well as religious, more wonderful even than those which began over three hundred years ago. It would indeed be like the passing away of the heavens and the earth and the creation of a new world.

But while we are musing the fire burns. While the boy wishes for the hour of manhood, which is for him the hour of emancipation, the never-resting forces of life are at work maturing his faculties of mind, heart and body, and he gradually awakens to the possession of what seemed far off in the future, but was in reality near at hand. There is evidently a great change transpiring even now. The ice is thawing; some disintegrating influence pervades it; it appears as hard and solid as during midwinter, but in reality lacks firmness and coherence. On all sides, whilst denominations exist intact, and symbols are still lifted high, there is evidently a growing coldness of zeal and intimations of the presence of a different belief, so different in truth that many, when actually confronted with the distinctive features of their own confession, are surprised that such things were ever uttered, and emphatically repudiate them.

The cause of this has by many been thought to lie in the general decay of catechetical training, and effort has been made to counteract it by bringing back into their former prominent position the catechisms of the churches. Many evils have no doubt sprung from the neglect of educational religion, but the one who expects to remedy

the evil by inculcating the principles of three hundred years ago, resembles the mother who, distressed at the wild pranks of her boy, strives to quiet him by forcing him back into the cradle of his infancy. What the boy needs is amusement and occupation suited to his age and ability. Is not this the only remedy for a distracted Church? The general indifference to the principles of Christianity springs from their lack of power as now uttered to fill and hold the mind; and the breaking up of the denominations into smaller sects is one result, which follows the effort to reach out and find ground more satisfactory upon which to stand. When these principles were first put forth, they were far beyond the general spiritual life of the people to whom they were given, and consequently afforded room for spiritual and mental expansion and growth; but the mould has been filled out, and the never-resting energies of life have not reached full perfection. Every want, every defect, is felt as never before, and only one result can follow, which is, the bursting forth of the waters from the rock that long has held them imprisoned. If this is so, no outside efforts to bind the antagonistic factions into one will ever have more than transitory success; it must be the unfolding of a newer, profounder life-principle from Christianity, which will unite all beliefs by fulfilling in a higher form, that of which they were only efforts to attain, or at best only prophecies. Such an unfolding cannot, of course, be forced in; it must come by revelation from the inexhaustible source of all truth.

For this the efforts of the years succeeding the Reformation have undoubtedly prepared the way. The time is not thrown away for the Church any more than were the Middle Ages thrown away for civilization. Whether the minds of men, emancipated from the tyranny of Roman Catholicism, and confronted as they were then with an infinitely wider prospect, which was intersected by untried paths, in any way ever have been prepared to enter upon a course without laboriously exploring the course and ultimate end of all these winding ways, appears to the writer very doubtful. The disintegration which became so apparent in the 16th century, and is still active with undiminished force, may be but the comminution of the insensible rocks into faithful soil, in order to the growth of a more glorious life.

R. L. G.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Virginia Valley.

After our return from Pittsburgh during Passion Week, according to the direction of the missionary council, we made a trip to the Valley of Virginia, some notice of which has been delayed in consequence of other engagements. We went up as far as the Middlebrook charge, above Staunton, in Augusta county, not far from the water-shed which separates the streams that find their way on the one side to the Potomac, and to the James on the other. The Middlebrook charge, now a mission, marks the extreme southern limit of our churches in the Classis of Virginia. Our trip was a pleasant one, in a pleasant month of the year and in a section of country, which has become world-renowned by the stirring events which took place there during the late war. Now all is peaceful and quiet, and the country is again smiling in response to the labors of the husbandman. The grain was growing, promising good crops; the flowers and blossoms just making their appearance, and the air balmy and bracing. As a matter of course, we made many observations. Some of the land is good and some of it otherwise. Much of the bad land lies along the railroad; much of what is good, lies off towards the Blue Ridge and the North mountain, in secluded valleys. The price varies according to quality and the amount of improvements. Generally it would be regarded by us in Pennsylvania as cheap or at least reasonable. There is better land in the far west on the edge of civilization, but the Virginia Valley has many advantages, which will attract the attention of those who leave their homes in

our own State to improve their condition elsewhere. The climate is a healthy one, and the water pure and good. Whilst many little children in different parts of the country fell a prey to diphtheria and scarlet fever during the past winter, there were comparatively few instances of these fearful diseases in the Valley, especially in the upper part. The pure atmosphere is almost an antidote for pulmonary diseases. A residence there in the case of many would be either a cure or a prolongation of life. Mineral springs of different medicinal qualities of water abound in the mountains, and no where probably would a mere temporary sojourn be more beneficial to persons in declining health. A large portion of the population came originally from Pennsylvania or Maryland, and emigration from the North has been steadily going on since the war. Emigrants are welcomed, and none seem to regret that they have found new homes in the sunny South. We would direct the attention of our young farmers in Pennsylvania, who are yearly seeking out new homes, to the Valley of Virginia. In a large circle around Winchester, we were told that two-thirds of the farmers were from our own State.

Under these circumstances, it is a matter of great importance, that we should have ministers and churches in that section of country, so that our people when they get there may find spiritual homes. We were, therefore, much pleased to learn during our trip, that our old churches in the Valley are looking up and showing signs of growth and prosperity. An impression in some way had gone abroad, that they were declining and giving little hope of progress in the future. We found that this was not so. Since the war a number of new substantial churches have been built, whilst others have been repaired and modernized. Our church at Woodstock is an ornament to the town and a vast stride on the old dilapidated building in which our people worshiped twenty years ago. Many of our people will remember the great work which Dr. Martin made to our own State soon after the war, for the purpose of receiving help to erect this new house of worship. The people were impoverished by the war, and their first thought, after peace returned, was to build up a suitable house in which to worship the God of their forefathers. The other congregations in the country belonging to this charge have also set about to build up the waste places and are gaining in numbers and strength under the labors of their faithful pastors. Farther up the Valley, about Mt. Crawford, Father Hensel labored for many a wearisome year in keeping the churches together. It was a large field in which he spent the best of his days. It suffered its full share from the ravages of war, and it looked at times as if this territory must become a moral waste. But such fears have not been realized. Some few years ago the charge was divided, and a portion fell under the pastoral care of Dr. Callender, who had removed South for the benefit of his health. Since then old churches have been repaired or rebuilt, and twice as much money is now given for the support of the ministry as formerly. The Middlebrook charge had suffered most. There were intervals of time, when they had no shepherd and could not get one. At present the churches are again reviving under the efficient labors of brother Whitmore, who has fairly commenced his career of usefulness in that distant part of our Church. At present he is busily engaged in putting up a new church at Newport, a few miles above Middlebrook. This enterprise is destined to give a new impulse to this worked down charge. At present it receives a small appropriation from the Board of Missions, which we regard as well bestowed. It will no doubt bear good fruit. Similar remarks of a favorable character might be made of the churches in the lower end of the Valley. The churches at Martinsburg and Shepherdstown are doing well. They are in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. All things considered, we think that the brethren in Virginia have every reason to be encouraged to look forward to an era of growth and progress in the future. During the winter the seed in the ground seems to be dead, but when the spring comes and ice and snow disappear, then the fruits of the earth make their appearance and gladden the fields. A number of persons spoke of the establishment of a classical school or collegiate in-

stitute in the Valley, under the care of the Classis. An intelligent lawyer, not a member of the Reformed Church, but well acquainted with the country and the population, introduced the subject himself in conversation, and expressed himself very emphatically in its favor. Under Reformed auspices he thought it would succeed, and be a benefit to the community in general. Such an institution, under clerical influence, would be a new centre of life to the churches, and we think efforts should be made to start such an enterprise at an early day. Instead of interfering with the institutions in Pennsylvania, it would tend rather to strengthen them.

The Mission at Winchester.

This mission, under the care of Rev. C. G. Fisher, has been receiving aid from the Board of Missions for a number of years past, and the question has sometimes been asked, whether it will ever become sustaining. The time for it to support its own minister has not as yet arrived, but it is not far distant. We think there ought to be no doubt in regard to that. Everything now looks in that direction, and its present pastor for the last few years has done much to bring about that result. He is among our most active and energetic missionaries. He enjoys the reputation of succeeding in every enterprise he undertakes to raise money to assist the mission. So would we suppose, judging from the large audience which he succeeded in getting up to listen to an astronomical lecture. We do not know when we had the pleasure of addressing a more intelligent or appreciative one. It was of some account to the mission at Winchester, and to the cause of missions in general. The same remark may be made of some other lectures we delivered in the Valley during our trip. The Virginians appreciate such entertainments, and show a commendable desire to be in the line of modern progress.

TRINITY HYMN.

"Vater, Dich hab ich gefunden."
Translated by S. R. F.

Father, truly I have found Thee!
As I came, Thou me received,
And to Thee, as child hath bound me,
Since in Thee I have believed.
Thine I am while time shall last;
Thine I'll be when time is past!
Saviour, truly I have found Thee!
And I Thee will never leave.
Saved by Thee; Thine arms around me,
Comfort, life, and safety give.
Thou who ever with me art,
Keep me always near Thy heart!
Comforter, sure I have found Thee!
Thou with me wilt e'er abide;
With Thy grace Thou dost surround me,
Keeping closely to Thy side!
To Thyself me firmly bind,
Sanctifying heart and mind!
O my God! my heart hath found Thee!
Thou my only refuge art;
To Thyself fast hast Thou bound me,
Thou from me wilt ne'er depart.
When my course on earth is run,
I'll with Thee in heaven be one!

FAITH in Christ is a trustful surrender of soul to Him; a conviction concerning Him which involves at the same time a union with His person, even as He is offered unto us for our salvation—hence, with Him as "the crucified." It is a reception of Him in such a way that He dwells in us and we in Him. But this presupposes a renunciation of all self-confidence, and of all trusting anything creaturely and human, whether it be in the line of action or permission, or of suffering as available before God for working out or earning salvation, or for establishing or restoring our fellowship with God. It is an act that can proceed only from a mind influenced and strengthened by the might of divine love, since God's Spirit and power are operative in it, showing and convincing the sinner, on the one hand, of his own guilt and insufficiency of himself, and, on the other hand, of the holy and compassionate love of God, His saving righteousness and His almighty grace in Christ; and this, too, in a way to take down all boasting, and beget an implicit reliance upon God alone.—Kling.

THE character of God secures to you the fulfillment of all His promises, and encourages you to trust in Him in the darkest day of trial and trouble.

Family Reading.

"SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING."

Oh! sleepless nights, waiting on days of pain!
Oh, heart, so rent!
Can these send forth a cry of thankfulness—more
than content?
Can the pale cheeks and lip yet wear a smile?
the feverish eye
Shed healing tears of joy, not burning drops of
agony?
Does not the Saviour stand beside her bed, and
ease each throe?
His presence just as real and comforting as when
below,
Here on this earth, He moved, and soothed the
smart of anguish sore
In those who touched with trembling faith the
hem of robes He wore.
And our dear Master's gracious presence near;
His love our own;
How should we fret at earth's hard chastisements
—how make our moan
O'er troubles which are "blessings in disguise,"
ruled by His hand?
His followers calmly face the fiercest storm, if He
command.
And she who lies upon her bed of pain is far
more blest
Than hundreds walking heedless, midst life's
joys, of His behest;
Those joys, as flowers, fade quickly 'neath the
touch: hers feed like fire.
On all God sends of good or seeming ill, and
never shall expire. —*The Argosy.*

OUT OF THE STREETS.

BY MRS. M. E. TABB.

"Yes, Harriet," said Mr. Lawson to his maiden sister, "I have made up my mind. The dinner-party shall come off to-morrow evening at six o'clock."

The lady addressed looked up in pleased surprise from the Berlin woools she was busily assorting.

"I am glad of it, for during all the years in which I have kept house for you I have never been able to make you understand the duty we owe to society. After the numberless invitations we have received from friends, I have felt ashamed of our apparent inhospitality," she replied.

"I hope you do not suppose, for an instant, Harriet, that I am giving this dinner for the benefit of those who are able to purchase for themselves every comfort of life," said the gentleman, gravely.

"Then for whom, may I ask, do you design the entertainment?" inquired Miss Harriet, disdainfully.

Every line of the kindly, honest face glowed with benevolence as he replied: "It is for the Lord's poor, the homeless, the friendless, the forsaken. I shall obey the Scriptural injunction and call them in from the highways and hedges."

For a few moments, Miss Harriet was so astounded at this remarkable statement she ventured no reply, then she said in her most sarcastic tone: "And where do you propose that this grand charitable enterprise shall be held? not in this house, surely!"

"In this very house, in our own dining-room. Thomas, our own trusty butler, will be in attendance. I shall preside at the head of the table, give them the hand of fellowship, and let the poor creatures see that I am not above eating bread with them."

"Of course you will employ a French cook and have a band to discourse sweet music while they are feasting—and planning to rob you," said Miss Harriet, in the same tone.

Mr. Lawson gave his sister a look of mingled distress and disapprobation. "I shall have no show and parade about the matter, Harriet. I have sent an order to a restaurant for an abundance of plain, substantial food, but as for the music, I think that would be an excellent idea. There are few human hearts that are not susceptible to its divine influence. I do not propose to engage a band, but there is one thing you might do, Harriet; you are a good musician, and I can have the piano removed from the parlor to the library which adjoins the dining-room. The doors can be closed, and they are not obliged to see you. Think of the happiness you might thus confer upon those benighted lives."

"I must decline the honor of helping to entertain your company of tramps. If you are bent upon making a fool of yourself, go ahead, but you will have to dispense with my services," said Miss Lawson, with more force than elegance. "There is one way in which you can have music at a trifling expense," she added, her eyes twinkling mischievously. "The modern hand-organ is quite an improvement on the original instrument, and better adapted to the wants of the average tramp. Such inspiring airs as 'St. Patrick's day in the morning' and 'Old Jim Crow,' will be more appreciated than the inspirations of Mozart and Beethoven."

"The idea is a good one, Harriet, I thank you for suggesting it. There is a man around the corner who has an excellent organ, and he has a large family

also, poor fellow. I will engage him, it will be an opportunity to assist him a little," said the good man, in whose honest soul no suspicion of sarcasm or irony lurked.

"There is one piece of advice I would like to give you—look out for the silver," continued the lady, in a warning voice.

"Oh Harriet, my dear sister, why is it that you have such little faith in human nature!" said Mr. Lawson, mournfully.

"Because a burned child dreads the fire. Do you remember the gipsy you insisted upon inviting into the dining-room to luncheon one day last winter? she had a good meal given her, and in return carried off a butter-knife that cost ten dollars."

"That was an exceptional instance."

"They are all exceptional instances, and I have been taught prudence by several instances of similar character. But as for you, I firmly believe that if Beelzebub were in distress you would take him by the hand and give him your best coat."

"Perhaps, I should—for my heart aches in contemplating suffering of any sort. What right have I to this wealth," glancing around the sumptuous apartment, "when thousands are perishing for bread?"

"The right of having honestly earned it, I presume," said Miss Harriet, indifferently.

"But who gave me health, strength and business capacity to earn my wealth? The same One who has denied these endowments to many others. And shall I not be a faithful steward to my Lord? I tell you, Harriet, the possession of wealth is a fearful responsibility."

"I believe it has deprived you of the little common sense you ever possessed!" said Miss Harriet, as she swept her trained silken robe haughtily from the apartment.

In a cold, cheerless room, cowering over the remains of a fire, sat a woman, on whose faded, careworn face the grim sculptors Want and Misery had chiselled many a hard, deep line.

In her arms, its little thin white lips pressing the breast which no longer afforded nourishment—oh sight most pitiful—she held a babe of six months. The child's feet and hands were blue with cold; in vain the mother rubbed and chafed them in her palms, there was no rich warm blood in its veins to answer the gentle friction—starvation had almost completed its work.

She drew a shawl from her shoulders, wrapped it over the babe, and cradled the little form snugly within its folds, her tears falling fast as she did so.

"It is hard to see you die like this, my baby," she murmured, "but death is only a brief pang, and it is best, perhaps, that you should go first. But oh, if God would only spare you, my darling, for I have nothing else to comfort my desolate heart."

There was a quick, firm step in the entry, the door opened and a stalwart sun-browned man entered the room with a bundle in his arms. He drew a table toward the fireplace, opened the bundle and displayed its contents. Ham in generous slices, beef, and a section of a fowl, with plenty of white, delicious bread and a huge wedge of frosted cake. The food had evidently been carved for hearty appetites by a liberal host.

"Look up, Madge, my girl, come eat, drink and be merry, here's provision enough to last a week," said the man, in a cheery voice.

"I am not hungry now, Robert," she said, in a desolate tone. "But where did you get these things?"

"I came by them honestly. Give me that little one while you get something for him to eat. There's milk in that pitcher—poor little fellow, he's almost gone, but maybe the nourishment is what he needs, he may not die after all."

The mother arose and placing the child in her brother's arms, poured some of the milk into a cup, crumbled a French roll into it and warmed it over the fire. She then fed the baby, at first with trembling hands, then hopefully, as she saw its lips unclose and swallow eagerly the warm sweet milk. "Thank God," she said reverently, "you will not die, my darling. Oh, I am so grateful for this timely assistance."

The man watched the mother and child attentively, a strange restless light in his eyes.

"Madge," he said, in a husky voice, "do you know that when I look at that innocent babe I can scarcely believe there is a God—at least such a God as our mother told us of, a being of tenderness and compassion. What harm has it ever done to be starved by inches in this manner? Then look at yourself; you have been a Christian, all your life and yet I know of no person who has been more bitterly afflicted. It passes my comprehension."

"You must remember that God's ways are not our ways, Robert," she answered, laying her hand on his arm. "When

you attempt to pry into His affairs you get beyond your depth. One thing I know, He only requires us to stay in this world a few years, and if we are patient, trustful and obedient He promises us eternal life in heaven for our reward."

"But why do some have to suffer such terrible misery, while others have their lines cast in pleasant places? Why do the innocent and helpless have frequently to bear the burden of the guilty? What purpose does it serve?"

"I don't know. They are mysteries that will never be known this side of the grave. Why did God send His own Son upon this earth to be cradled in a manger, to grow up in poverty, to be hunted like a wild animal and die a shameful death? Was it not to teach us to patiently endure privation, knowing that He set the example? Oh, when I think of the beautiful words of that old hymn:

'Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall—'

my heart gets so full of joy and gratitude I cannot repine at my lot, hard though it be. I have no doubt that His poor mother has often held her child in her arms and wondered where His next meal would come from, for her husband was only a carpenter."

She arose and laid the child in bed, for he had gone to sleep after his hunger had been satisfied, then she turned to the table and examined the pitcher containing the milk her brother had brought. It was of massive silver, of antique and beautiful design, and richly chased.

"Oh, Robert, where did you get this elegant pitcher," she exclaimed, her face paling with doubts she feared to express. "Surely you have not been led into bad company and done that you will be sorry for."

"Sit down here beside me, Madge, and I will tell you all about it. No, I am proud to say that notwithstanding my many misfortunes, I have never been led into crime. But of all the adventures I ever had, that of to-night caps the climax. I was standing on the corner about six o'clock this evening, looking up and down the street as usual, wondering where I could possibly find work, when a pompous butler, sleek and well-dressed, came up and touched me on the arm. 'Come,' said he, in a solemn voice, 'the feast is ready and the master waits. You are welcome, friend.'"

"Not knowing what to make of the strange invitation I followed him, through curiously, to a splendid mansion on Myrtle Avenue, where he led me up a flight of marble steps through a long hall into a large room. Madge, I was there two long hours. There were two long tables loaded with food, and fairly blazed with silver and beautiful glassware and the gas-lights were so brilliant and the great gold-framed mirrors reflected the splendid scene until it may have been sacrilege, Madge, but I could think of nothing but the marriage supper of the Lamb, or something like it, that rather used to read of in the Bible."

"But the greatest crowd around the tables, and some of them the worst characters in the city! The master of the house stood between the tables speaking a kindly word to all, and begging them to help themselves bountifully, and they did so. I never beheld such brutal behaviour before. There were tea and coffee and rich milk in abundance, but no liquors. Presently some one called for whisky. The master began to tell them that he never used ardent spirits himself, and that he could not conscientiously place them before his guests. You never heard such a yell as they gave at this. 'Shut up, old cove, who ever heard of a feast without liquor,' said one rough fellow. 'Swim the Styx, old Charon, and leave us your tin, we don't want a temperance lecture,' and other such remarks. Then the victuals fairly flew over the room and all on the beautiful carpet. I saw one fellow throw a glass of milk full in the old gentleman's face, the butler started to his master's assistance, somebody tripped him up and he fell with a force that made everything jingle. Then they piled three chairs and a lot of empty dishes on top of him and commenced to dance a jig, actually on the man's body, to the tune of 'The rat-catcher's daughter' that a poor old fellow was grinding out on a hand-organ."

Here Robert was so overcome by a sense of the ludicrous, which was one of his weak points, that he leaned back in his chair and laughed until his broad shoulders shook with the exertion.

"O what a shame, what a burning shame, to treat the kind gentleman with such ingratitude," said Madge, with tears in her gentle eyes, "he will be afraid to help the needy after this."

"Don't you believe it. He is ready now to open his arms to the prodigals, for he is one of the noblest men in the city. He spends a small fortune yearly upon charitable objects, but he doesn't always go to work in the right way to do good."

"But to go on with my story, when I

saw them trampling that good food under foot, Madge, I thought of you and the baby starving here at home, and just then somebody called for the police, the gas was turned off and the confusion became indescribable. I made a grab for the first things within my reach and found my way out of the house as soon as possible. Now, don't you think that under the circumstances my act was justifiable—the feast was free to all?"

"I don't know," said Madge, thoughtfully, "I only know that my child was saved from death by the timely assistance. But this pitcher must be returned."

"What is the use, they'll never miss it among so many articles lost."

"That does not justify you in withholding another's property. The pitcher is very valuable; it must be returned," replied the sister, firmly.

* * * * *

"I hope," said Miss Harriet, severely, "that you are abundantly satisfied with the results of your grand benevolent enterprise. A carpet that cost over a hundred dollars ruined, two French plate mirrors smashed, and all the silver stolen. Besides this, here you are laid up with a black eye, the butler in bed with two broken ribs, and the unspeakable delight in store of seeing your name in all the newspapers and a laughing-stock for the community. I think I shall leave the city until the affair blows over."

The sister and brother were sitting in the library, before a glowing fire, on the morning after the feast, Miss Harriet busily bathing and bandaging her brother's forehead.

"It was a mistake, I acknowledge it, Harriet. I ought not to have placed temptation in the way of these poor creatures," he answered, meekly.

"Poor creatures, indeed; you are a perfect dupe of wicked and designing impostors, I have no patience with you," returned Miss Harriet.

The footman opened the door and a small, delicate woman entered the room. She was dressed in a faded calico, clean and neat, with a thin shawl around her shoulders. In her hands she carried a bundle, which she unwrapped and handed to Mr. Lawson.

"There is your pitcher, sir," she said, in a lady-like voice. "My brother was invited to your house last night and he brought me some milk for my baby. It came just in time, for he was on the verge of starvation. Oh, sir, I am so grateful, for he was my only son and I am a widow."

The simple story went home to the hearts of the sister and brother. Miss Harriet's eyes were full of tears as she took Madge by the hand and drew her toward the fire.

"Sit down, my good woman, and tell me what I can do for you. The pitcher is an heirloom in our family and greatly prized by us. You must have some reward."

"I do not wish any reward, madam, but if you will only give me some work! My brother and myself can get nothing to do, and our circumstances are desperate," answered Madge, earnestly.

Upon further inquiry Miss Harriet discovered that Madge was a neat seamstress, just such a one as she needed, and that her brother Robert was a skilful florist, and so the services of both were engaged at a fair salary.

When the door closed behind the visitor, Mr. Lawson turned to his sister and said, while tears of joy streamed down his cheeks,

"Some good came out of it, after all, Harriet. A little innocent child saved from starvation! Blessed be God forever!" —*Religious Herald.*

BUSINESS PROVERBS, NEW AND OLD.

Never sacrifice safety to large expected returns.

Never make a loan on importunity.

Never loan a borrowing friend more than you are willing to lose if he can't pay.

Never speculate deeper than you are able to lose if you lose it all.

Never borrow money to speculate with. Owe no man anything.

Be satisfied with a moderate rent to a good tenant.

Keep well insured, and watch your policy.

Never consult a man on business who does not manage well his own.

Avoid a second mortgage for a fresh loan.

He that maketh haste to be rich is not wise.

Poverty is no bar to marriage if both parties will work and save.

The gods help those who help themselves—men or women.

God promises nothing to idleness.

A man must ask his wife if he may be rich.

Little coins, like little drops of water, will fill a bucket.

As we sow in temporal affairs we shall reap.

Short settlements make long friendships.

Fortunes are made by earnings and savings.

Money easily gotten is soon spent. Money earned is money valued.

It is easier to loosen up good property than to re-establish it.

In discussing business disagreements keep cool.

Less wisdom is required to make money than to keep it securely when made.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

THE OLD MAN PLANTING TREES.

A man of eighty years was planting trees, "Ha! Ha!" laughed out three striplings from the village;

"Planting at eighty! Had his task been tillage, Or building houses, or aught else you please, The folly might have passed as not worth noting; But planting trees! He must indeed be doing!"

Why, in the name of all that's odd, old neighbor, What fruit can such as you expect to gather

From this ridiculous and driftless labor?

You, who already are a great-grandfather?"

"Molest me not," he said; "let me employ

The hours that yet remain to me. I love

To think my great-grandchildren will enjoy

The shade and shelter of this embryo grove.

Meantime I live and breathe, and I may even

Share for some years to come the gift of heaven.

Alas! even I may see the morning light

Shine more than once, young men, upon your graves!" —*Lafontaine.*

* A note to the poem says that the old man actually outlived the three youths.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

YELLOW LADY CAKE.—One and a half cups flour, one of sugar, half cup butter, half cup sweet milk, two spoonfuls baking powder, yolks of four eggs, teaspoon vanilla.

INDIAN MEAL PUFFS.—In one quart of boiling milk stir eight tablespoonfuls of meal, four spoonfuls of sugar; boil five minutes, stirring all the time; when cool add six beaten eggs; pour in buttered cups; bake half an hour.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—One lobster of medium size, tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste, half a cup of water to moisten.

Heat the whole, and then add one well-beaten egg. Let it stand until cold, and then fry as you do other croquettes.—*Miss Parola's Cooking School.*

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of corn meal, pour over it one pint boiling water, a tea-cup of molasses, shorts or graham flour enough to make a stiff batter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water; steam three hours by putting in a pan in a steamer over a pot of hot water; keep the water boiling all the time.—*Aunt Temple.*

TO MAKE TURKISH MATS FROM BRUSSELS CARPET. The materials necessary are tapestry Brussels and coarse wrapping twine. Cut the carpet crosswise in strips of two and a half or three inches wide, and ravel out the wool threads; be careful not to separate the clusters; set up knitting on large steel needles; take up one stitch of knitting; put one of the carpet threads on the needle, too; then put thread around needle and knit both through the one stitch; repeat this to end of row, then knit back plain; third row same as first; knit as many and as long strips which, sewed together, will make mat of size required; then line and finish with fringe or not.

LADY FINGERS.—Four eggs, half cup of powdered sugar, three-quarters cup of flour, a drop of seasoning.

Beat the yolks of the eggs and sugar until perfectly light; then add the whites of eggs; then the flour and seasoning. Have a warm and not a hot oven. The sugar and eggs must be beaten very thoroughly, and, on adding the whites and flour, just stir enough to mix them; if stirred more than that the mass may become liquid. Butter the paper with wash butter, and put it in the pan. Wash butter is preferable because it does not contain salt. Dredge with powdered sugar. When the fingers are placed on the paper, shake the sugar over them to keep them in place; it will prevent their running. The mixture must not stand long before being used.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—The lady fingers, when baked, are used to surround a Charlotte Russe, the formula for the preparation of which is as follows:

One quart of cream, half box of gelatine, covered with cold water two hours before use, two-thirds cup of sugar, teaspoonful of vanilla.

Whip the cream to a froth, the work being done in a dish set in another, the outer dish being filled with ice water, to ensure chillness. Then put in the sugar, vanilla, and gelatine, the gelatine having been dissolved in as little boiling water as it is necessary to use, and strained. Stir the mixture from the bottom, but don't beat it. One cup of good cream ought to increase to two quarts when it is whipped.

Miscellaneous.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone.

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path,
The cuckoo's earliest note, the robin's nest.

The merry hay-makings around our home,
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes,
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes.

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years,
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance.

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away.

The song that thrilled our soul with every joy,
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind,
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie
Within the mystery of that secret drawer;
Whose magic spring though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

THE ROYAL PALACE IN SPAIN.

The Royal Palace is one of the finest in Europe. It is situated on the western side of the city overlooking the Valley of the Manzanares and a wide sweep of country to the West, reaching to the Guadarama Mountains, which, standing in rugged and lonely grandeur, covered with snows, limit the view in that direction. The palace was intended to surround a square, and to be 470 feet on each side and 100 feet high. It was laid out on a scale so grand that it would have rivaled the Tuilleries, but it has never been finished. Only one side of this immense pile, with additional wings, is completed. It is a palace 450 feet long, built of white stone resembling marble, and stands nearly a hundred feet high. The Spaniards are fond of display, and the palace shows all the magnificent variety of tapestry, velvet, gorgeous furniture, rich marble and mosaics generally found in princely mansions. The stables interested me more than the palace. There were about 150 horses for the use of the young king, and his household coach horses, driving horses and saddle horses. Each had a name over his stall. They were reared in Spain, France and England. The Spanish horses, especially the Andalusian, did not show the finest points. They had short, heavy bodies; long tails, held close to the body; tapering necks; fine thick breast, but short, hollow backs. The carriages were superb. I counted one hundred of all sorts and sizes ranged in an immense room.

There were some ten or twelve state coaches used from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella down. They were covered with gold and inlaid with ivory on the outside, and lined with Gobelin tapestry, satin gold and silver cloth within. One of these was the carriage of Crazy Jane, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella and mother of Charles the V., who is said to have carried her husband's body in its coffin with her for forty years, until her death. The harness is made in the Royal stables and are the most magnificent trapping that horses ever wore. There is a guard of twenty horse and about one hundred soldiers always on duty around the palace, and they are relieved every two hours. All this, for a country hopelessly in debt, appears a most extravagant display. These appendages of royalty are finer perhaps than those of any crowned head in Europe.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE SOURCES OF COMMUNISM.

The reports of the social and political disturbance wrought by the Nihilist agitation in Russia are curious reading to those who remember the serene indifference with which Russian writers and politicians watched the perplexities of other countries over the labor problem in the eventful years between 1848 and 1860. At that time it was their theory that owing to the peculiar land system of Russia, and particularly owing to the institution known as the mir, or village community, which prevented the growth of a proletariat, she would never be troubled by the Red Spectre which was frightening France out of her wits, and was, they believed, destined before long to shake the British Empire to its centre. North Germany was, a very few years ago, supposed to be in the enjoyment of similar immunity, owing to her schools, her military system, and the sober and phlegmatic temperament of the people; but she is now nearly as

much alarmed by the spectre as France used to be, and France has reached a repose which may be, after all, only temporary, by wading through torrents of French blood. There is not a statesman in the Western World, in fact, who is not at this moment puzzled and even alarmed by the discontent of that vast body of persons who live by the daily labor of their hands. It has been all but demonstrated that no traditions, or training, or peculiarities of position or government are sufficient to keep the Socialistic devil out. All the "modern improvements" seem to help him. He passes the sea and the mountains with the telegraph and the steamer, and makes as much use of the printing-press as either Church or King. He has his newspapers, his tracts and missionaries everywhere, and his vicious roar may be heard all over the Western World from the Ural to the Rocky Mountains. The worst of it is that no means of coming to terms with him has as yet been discovered. He cannot, apparently, be bought off, because after giving him what he wants society would have nothing left. When the old Sinner, in the *Lives of the Saints*, sold himself to the old Devil, he always got something for his soul—that is, he was allowed a certain period of enjoyment of certain pleasures before he surrendered himself. But the Red Spectre offers nothing and asks for all. The rich man is called on to strip himself of his riches; the frugal man of his savings; the able man to treat his ability as an incumbrance; and the whole community, as a community, to give up all it loves and glories in. Smoking is to be allowed at funerals, and men and women are to mate in the streets. Children are to go to the foundling hospital. Whatever power there is anywhere is to be lodged in the hands of the most stupid and incapable. The lazy are to lie on their backs and the industrious to get nothing for their industry.

The causes of this extraordinary and widespread outburst of insanity—for so it must be considered—will probably be more thoroughly studied than it has ever been before, now that it is perceived to be an epidemic from which no country or social system is safe, instead of being, as was long thought, a vagary peculiar to France, and it is only from a study of the causes that a remedy will come, if remedy there be. When one makes even a slight examination of the seeds of Socialist doctrine, one is surprised to find how many of them lie in the political and democratic doctrines which have been preached ever since the French Revolution by progressive people of all classes, mostly with but little thought of where they would lead us. In the first place, the assumption that the numerical majority is all-wise, and ought to be all-powerful, on which all modern Democracy rests, makes it difficult or impossible to put any limit on the experiments which the numerical majority may try. It has a right to make mistakes if it pleases, and where outside of it is the standing-place to be found for arguments against the expediency of its edicts? Who are you, that you are so much wiser than the rest of the community? is a question which the philosopher who argues about "justice," when he has once committed himself to the democratic theory, finds it difficult to answer. In the next place, contentment, which occupied a very high place among the virtues, and was taught in the churches as a Christian virtue for 1,700 years, and particularly contentment with one's station in life and worldly surroundings, has been tacitly repudiated even by social and religious conservatives. Discontent is now taught in all the schools as a virtue of a very high order. You are not to be satisfied with the station in which you were born or with the work you are doing, unless you are at the head of some large organization, a church, an army, a state, a warehouse, an insurance company, or a railroad. You are to strive continually for fame and wealth; or, in the language of plain people, for the position of "boss" of some "job." Every boy in Europe or America has this now dinned into his ears from his fifth year upwards. As the demand for "bosses" is, however, very limited, the immense majority are very much disappointed before they reach middle life, and try to find explanations of their failure which will not wound their self-love. The readiest one is the rottenness of society, and the richness of the field it offers to trickery and greed.

Thirdly, the modern system of industry brings large bodies of poor laborers in contact with great masses of wealth, and by employing them indoors stimulates the passion for speculation on the causes and incidents of their condition, and on the springs of society in general, which used to be mainly confined to shoemakers. More attractive materials for a demagogue, or a better field for the spread of crude social themes than the population of a great manufacturing town have never existed. Agriculture, or any muscular employment in the open

air, keeps down mental activity and strengthens the love of routine for much the same reason that it makes a man sleepy in the evening; but working under cover, at trades that call for dexterity rather than strength, seems to give the brain a morbid energy which finds relief in imaginary rearrangements of society.

It must not be forgotten, too, though it perhaps cannot be put down among the direct causes of socialism, that "the achievements of science," in increasing our powers of material production, coupled with the incessant boasting of scientific men and philanthropists about what science may yet accomplish in the future, have filled the working-class mind with fantastic dreams as to the possibility of machinery displacing manual labor, and enabling the race to multiply ad libitum without inconvenience. Consequently, when population follows close on the increase of production, as it has done, on the whole, even during the past fifty years, and the poor still continue poor and anxious, they begin to suspect some trick or fraud on the part of the capitalist. They are undoubtedly better off than their grandfathers, but they have still to toil and deny themselves, and see the rich enjoying their wealth in greater numbers than ever. This same agency also conceals from them that great fact of sociology—perhaps the greatest of all—that the earth, do what we will with it, will probably never afford much more than a subsistence to the great mass of mankind—that is, plain food and plain clothing. The race, by ceaseless toil and endeavor, throw some of its members up above want or anxiety about daily bread, and give a few leisure to keep its records and add to the stores of its knowledge, but they are only a handful after all. The notion that by some little device the world can be peopled with what are called "ladies and gentlemen," which is at the bottom of all socialism, springs from an immense delusion about the bountifulness of Nature. This notion, too, is stimulated by much of the teaching of the pulpit and press about the perfectibility of man, which when it becomes current in workshops and mines undergoes curious distortion, and begets a strange impatience. The preacher usually means that 1,000 or 10,000 years hence man will be refined, polished, cultivated, at ease in his circumstances, and noble in his life and aims, and able to dispense with the coarse or police side of government. This dream, which seems so attractive in the student's library, puts on a very different shape among the real sons of toil. The laborer does not "wait" for the millennium; it is "perfect" or "not perfect" now, and he has a taste of perfection himself, and is irritated by all attempts to postpone the great consummation. One cannot say, of course, with any certainty how these difficulties will be met, but it may be affirmed with confidence that during the next fifty years the character of instruction and preaching on all social questions will change greatly, though perhaps very gradually, and that considerably less responsibility will be imposed on governments and more on the individual man than during the last fifty years, and that when a human being begins to conduct himself like a wild animal the plea of unhappiness will not be so readily accepted in his defence.—*Nation.*

HINDOO HUMANITY.

In a book of travels lately published by Rev. Henry M. Field, and entitled "From Egypt to Japan," is a picture which must delight the heart of Henry Bergh, E-q., the great friend of brute creation. The reverend author calls it "an example of religious fidelity worthy of Christian imitation," as indeed it is. While in India he saw much of the Hindoos, where they are numerically stronger than the Christians in the United States. He says their religious ideas manifest themselves in many ways, which challenge our respect for their consistency. In their eyes all life is sacred, because it emanates from deity, the life of beast and bird, nay, of reptile and insect, as well as that of man. To carry out this idea, they have established a Hospital for Animals, which is one of the institutions of Bombay. It is on a very extensive scale, and presents a spectacle such as perhaps cannot be seen anywhere else in the world. In an enclosure covering many acres, and furnished with sheds and stables, are gathered the lame, the halt and the blind, not of the human species, but of the animal world,—cattle and horses, sheep and goats, dogs and cats, rabbits and monkeys, and beasts and birds of every description. Among them are to be found even sick little monkeys, whose ailments have made them forget their usual pranks. Long rows of stables were filled with broken down horses, spavined and ringboned, spending the remnant of their lives in comparative ease and comfort. In one pen were a number of emaciated kittens supplied with plenty of milk to restore

them to health. The Hindoos send out carts at night, through the streets of Bombay to collect all abandoned animals and bring them in safety to the hospital. Rabbits, whom no man would own, are furnished with comfortable warrens. In a large enclosure were a hundred dogs more wretched-looking if possible, than the "whelps and curs of low degree" to be found in Constantinople. These poor creatures so long the companions of men, who starved and kicked them alternately, still apparently longed for human society, and when visitors entered gave feeble signs of recognition and welcome. Then there are birds undergoing reconstruction, dilapidated chickens, sick crows, cranes with broken legs, and even sea gulls with wounded wings to be nursed until they can once more sweep over the boundless sea. Mr. Field concludes his reflections upon Hindoo kindness to beasts and birds, by comparing such conduct to that of congregations in America, who after a minister has served them faithfully for a generation, send him adrift like an old horse turned out to die by the roadside. He places the Hindoo in this respect, on a higher plane than that occupied by many Churches professing the only true religion.

Selections.

Happy is he who fears God in the prime of life.

In character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow.*

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith.*

There is more power to sanctify, elevate, strengthen, and cheer in the word Jesus (Jehovah—Saviour), than all the utterances of man since the world began.—*Dr. Chas. Hodge.*

"Beauty is God's handwriting,
A wayside sacrament;
Welcome it in every fair face,
And for it thank Him,
The author of all loveliness."

The Lord's Supper is the most spiritual ordinance ever instituted; here we have more immediately to do with Christ. In prayer we draw near through Him, but in this ordinance we become one with Him; in the word preached we hear of Christ, but in the supper we feed upon Him.—*Watson.*

As the stars, when they are going
One by one, from out the sky;
And the dawn to daylight growing,
With its day beams shooting high;
Are but heralds of the coming
Of the glorious king of day;
Such our life when in its gloaming,
If we work, and watch, and pray.

The beauty of holiness is a beauty that never fades. There is no decay from time, no deformity from overstrain, and no loss of form (any) from the burden and heat of the day. It is already perfect. It doth not even yet appear what it shall be. But it daily gravitates towards the great white light that is round the throne of God.

No grace is harder to implant and nurture than the grace of giving. It may be well spoken of as a grace. It is not a liberality or disposition to give freely to some objects or to any object—to part easily with money, no matter where it goes to. It is giving judiciously, sensibly and heartily to the Lord and for His work—giving in His service.

They who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boast in their praise how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to ask the question why they are allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect. And why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges, as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better.—*Dryden.*

Why walk in darkness? Our true light yet shineth;

It is not night, but day!
All healing and all peace His light enshrine-eth,

Why shun His loving ray!
Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,
Than day and joy and love?

Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer
To the great God of love?

Light of the world! undimmed and unsetting,
Oh, shine each mist away!

Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

—*H. Bonar.*

Science and Art.

At the present rate of progress all the cable strands of the Brooklyn Bridge will be finished by fall. Over 2,000 tons of wire have been suspended thus far, and the workmen are now running out ten tons a day.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen, in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford, he was greatly struck by this portrait, begged it of the College, and promised, in return, to grant them whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied with the request—that he would return it.

It is an interesting fact that there are very few persons in the world possessing a peculiar keenness of vision enabling them to see certain planets with the unaided eye. People with the ordinary power of sight usually see six of the stars of the Pleiades; Kepler mentions one person who, with the naked eye, could see fourteen, and Littrow another who saw sixteen. Dawes, an English clergyman and astronomer, was remarkable for his powers of

distinguishing very faint spots of light; and Mr. Q. M. Ward, an amateur astronomer in the North of Ireland, is known among scientific men for having viewed two of the four moons of Uranus, with so small and simple a help as a four-inch telescope. In this country, Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago, is noted for the particularly acute vision which reveals to him double stars. The astronomers of other lands often call upon him to decide vexed questions relating to these stars.

TIN IN OLD RIVER-BEDS.—Running water leaves on the earth's crust marks as permanent as any of the violent convulsions of nature. The discovery has lately been made in Australia, that the streams of the tertiary period, streams many millions of years ago, but now dried up, are vast storehouses of wealth. They are carefully searched out and worked for tin. They acted in precisely the same way as the rivers of our own day, washing away the lighter rock, and leaving a concentration of the heavy ore in their channels. They vary considerably in depth, according to the remoteness of their origin. In one of them a shaft has been sunk to 60 feet, and at that depth the ground is a regular river-bed, with, in some places, a collection of loose drift sand, heavily intermixed with tin ore. It has been opened at that depth, to the distance, horizontally, of 2,000 feet, and explored by boring from the surface for 600 feet more. The width of the seam has increased from 18 to 400 feet, and it contains an average of three feet of what the miners call "pay dirt," that is to say, soil worth working, for it yields about 1½ per cent. of metal, an excellent produce for tin ore. Some of these deposits are discovered at only a few feet from the surface, a fact which shows that they are of much later date than the one referred to above, but still of immeasurable antiquity. The state of the earth also shows that these later rivers were not in action for very long periods, as the ore has been far less washed. Twenty-five of these tin-mines have already been found: and although the difficulty attending all new enterprises has retarded their development, yet within two years they have produced 2,059 tons of ore, worth about \$1,000,000.—*Am. Architect.*

Personal.

Rev. A. O. E. Taylor, D. D., has been appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, corresponding delegate to the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States. Rev. Richard Allen is his alternate.

Professor Francis A. Walker, of Yale, has been discussing the subject of "Finance" very thoroughly before the Johns Hopkins University students at Baltimore, having devoted twenty lectures to it. Last week he went into the history of English and American savings banks, explaining also the new postal savings system, now on trial in Great Britain.

Mr. Francis Henry Moran, one of the Light Brigade in the Crimea, has just died at Chatham, England. He was the trumpeter who sounded the memorable "Charge" at Balaclava when the order was received. He was dangerously wounded. For the last sixteen years he had been band-master of the Second Battalion of the Fifth Fusiliers. He had been in the service more than thirty-two years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the reputed wife of Jerome Bonaparte, whom she married in 1805, was in court the other day attending to an appeal from the decision of the tax commissioners, assessing property to the amount of nearly \$500,000 which she owns in other States. Her case was argued by her grandson, Colonel C. I. Bonaparte, who is a promising member of the Baltimore bar.

When Agassiz visited Oken, the great German naturalist, the latter showed to the young student his laboratory, his cabinet, his magnificent library, and all his varied and costly apparatus. At length the dinner hour approached. Oken said to Agassiz, "Sir, to gather and maintain what you have seen uses up my income. To accomplish this I have to economize in my style of living. Three times in the week we have meat on the table. On the other days we dine on potatoes and salt. I regret that your visit has fallen on a potato day." And so the naturalist, with the students of Oken, dined on potatoes and salt.

Books and Periodicals.

PRECIOUS GEMS FOR THE SAVIOUR'S DIADEM. By Anna Shipton, author of "Tell Jesus," "Waiting Hours," "Asked of God," "Secret of the Lord," "The Watch Tower," "Way-side Scenes," etc.

This little book is published in excellent style by Thomas Y. Crowell, 744 Broadway, and the copy before us is from James Hammond, 1224 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, by whom it is for sale. Price 75 cts. It is the fourth edition of a volume containing many of the narratives that have been previously given to the public, together with some sketches that have hitherto been published only in a separate form. We are glad to hear that a second volume of a somewhat similar character will follow.

TALKS WITH BOYS AND GIRLS; OR WISDOM BETTER THAN GOLD. By a Layman, Philadelphia, American Sunday-school Union, No. 1122 Chestnut Street; New York, 8 and 10 Bible House, Astor Place; pp. 237. Price \$1.00.

This little book with its attractive outward appearance, contains a series of "lay sermons," which aim at a happy avoidance of theological dryness on the one hand, and the foolishness into which mere anecdotes may run. It is a well meant, and measurably successful effort to interest the young in most important truths. There is something of an implied hint to regular ministers of the Lord in the preface, and those who are wholly given to this work, will be glad to receive suggestions, although in the end they will be found to be the best teachers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending—June 1st and 8th respectively, have the following valuable contents: Constantinople, *British Quarterly*; Russian Court Life in the Eighteenth Century,—Catherine Alexiowna I. and Anna Ivanowna, *Temple Bar*; Count Waldemar, a Story, *Cornhill*; The Crown and the Constitution, *Quarterly Review*; The Coming Total Solar Eclipse, by Prof. J. Norman Lockyer, *Nature*; Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; On Keeping Silence from Good Words, *Fraser*; Thurot, a Biographical Sketch, *Fraser*; Lower Life in the Tropics, *Spectator*; Conesit, *Examiner*; Amateur Librarians, *Spectator*; Advice to the late Lord Macaulay on Entering Life, by Lord Brougham; Buddhism, *Public Opinion*; Mondays, *Vanity Fair*; The Yeoman's Story, *Temple Bar*; The Gorkhas, *Globe*, and the usual choice poetry.

For fifty-two numbers, or sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; or for \$10.50 any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

The Messenger.

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Rev. J. M. TITZEL, } Synodical Editors.
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D.D., }

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts. For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1878.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY GHOST NECESSARY.

It is not to be supposed, that because the Holy Ghost has come to "abide" with us "forever," there is no need for us to pray continually for His influence. Christ came into the world, at His incarnation, in a way that He had never come before and never will come again, yet we are ever to ask Him to be near to us. This does not imply that His Holy conception and nativity are to be repeated. Every one of His great redemptive acts, like His sacrifice, were "once for all." They are of perennial force.

So, too, the advent of the Comforter, on the day of Pentecost, was a permanent provision of grace, and His withdrawal at any time would be a dissolution of the Church, because He is the bond that unites us to Christ and to one another. We cannot think of this without supposing, that God has left Himself without a witness, and that His kingdom has so far failed that it must commence anew. To our mind such a complete withdrawal from the Church would involve a disaster, as great as if the upholding providence of God were entirely taken away from the world, and everything allowed to lapse into chaos. Without the indwelling Spirit, there could be no Church of Christ "which is His Body"; the fulness of Him that filleth all and in all." Every channel of grace would be dry, and even that faith by which all the benefits of Christ are made over to us, would be empty and inefficient. Certainly we should appreciate this fullest revelation of God, as an objective mystery. Yet this presence of God, through the Spirit, can never supersede the necessity of earnest supplication for His gracious aid. No individual man, or body of men, even though once brought into vital union with Christ, can presume upon a continuation in that relation without invoking the Divine help ceaselessly. God giveth of His Spirit to those who ask Him. We may grieve the Spirit, and resist Him, without whom we can have no proper sense of sin, no repentance, no forgiveness, and no sanctification.

THE SOCIALISTS.

The attempt to take the life of the German Emperor, of which an account was given, under the head of Foreign news, in our last issue, has naturally excited a great deal of inquiry. These efforts at regicide have become too frequent and serious to be set down as insane acts on the part of isolated fanatics. It has been found that Hoedel was the person, upon whom the "duty" of assassination fell by lot cast by the Socialists, and that the network of communications in which the culprit is entangled, shows his infatuation to be clothed with great political significance.

It is plain, from recent developments, that the personal friends and kindred of the man, many of whom have official relations to the government, do not sympathize with his crime; but it is equally clear, that there is a vast and dangerous secret organization in Europe, which looks to a solution of the evils of the times by a resort to a breaking down of all law. How widespread this may be is hard to tell; it is more than possible that it extends to this side of the Atlantic; and there is enough to justify watchfulness on the part of all governments. There will doubtless be an extraordinary session of the German parliament to discuss legislative measures to suppress dangerous movements, and the anti-

Socialist law proposed by Bismark and the more determined Conservatives, but voted down some time ago, will now be adopted. The Liberals, who hotly denounced the measure, are now most earnest in seeing it enacted; and it will be found, that those who cried out for freedom have forged their own chains. It is unfortunate, when severe laws have been necessitated by prevailing vice, but they seem often to be the only remedy. The communists of any age or country, have always found out, by a dreadful experience, that it is not well to seek a remedy for present evils by flying to others which they know not of. The outbreak in this country last summer, only aggravated the miseries of the working classes, however real the distress in many cases; and those now disposed to incite to riot and destruction, may soon find out, that it is better to be protected by bayonets than not at all.

In our own land there is less oppression than is commonly supposed. Capital is not arrayed against labor, although monopolists have in many instances tried to make all things subserve their own interests, and demagogues have taken advantage of this to inflame the popular mind. The adjustments come as surely as water finds its own level, although the ebb and tide may seem, at times, to be of unequal flow. At any rate, there is no use to lash the Hellespont in hope of quieting the waves. Governments are of God, and there is no tyranny more cruel than anarchy.

THE "MESSENGER" AND MONEY.

It is generally understood, that we have nothing to do with the "money matters" of the MESSENGER, much less with those of the Board of Publication in general. It is well for the Church that this is so, because if other peoples' funds were entrusted to us, we would develop a talent for getting things so completely mixed, that the best financial agents of the country could never get them straight. As we have no desire to furnish enterprising dailies with a sensational article, in which notable mention would be made of us under the head of "Another Defalcation," or "A minister cannot account for money put in his hands," we decline having anything to do with finances. In this our protest is as earnest as that of Dominie Sampson when Meg Merrilies offered him the broth, although hunger might tempt any sinner to "gape and swallow."

We are all the more reconciled to this, because the business department has been committed to a competent person, who has succeeded in doing more with less money than any person we know. In fifteen years the affairs of the Board have been wonderfully improved. A large debt in which it was involved by the burning of Chambersburg in 1864, has been removed, and the assets of the concern are so largely in excess of its liabilities, that the most earnest inquisition has satisfied the Church with the report made of its condition. Indeed this state of things has been presumed upon, and many have thought that the just dues of the Board can be withheld without any inconvenience to the Treasurer. Every now and then we get some intimation of this, and occasionally some correspondent, who has an insight into the injustice thus done, sends us a communication in which delinquents are told the unvarnished truth about honesty.

"Why do we not publish them?" Simply because they would do no good. The earnest, thoughtful people, who are anxious to meet their obligations, would be sensitive under them, while those whose indifference is criminal, would not be affected by them in the least. It is simply impossible to inject ink through the hide of a Rhinoceros, and we are not disposed to try it. We do not know that the circulation of a paper is generally increased by standing appeals, or by dipping the editorial pen in gall. A child may soon get so used to scolding as not to mind it.

The MESSENGER, of late years, has said very little to urge its patrons to do their duty towards it. In the midst of financial hardships, such as have affected all business, it has been patient with delays, and it is disposed now to be as lenient as possible. Yet we may say

one word in kindness to those who are in arrears. With many the delay in sending the money due for the Church periodicals and for purchases from the Board of Publication, is through sheer thoughtlessness. They think a sum as small as \$2.20 can make very little difference, and yet a few thousand such sums, affect the whole interest vastly. To such we earnestly suggest, that they remit what they may owe, and thus do their part in relieving any embarrassment under which the Treasurer may labor. There are others to whom the payment of even a small sum is at this time a matter of inconvenience, or downright inability. These make up by far the largest class of subscribers. We do not know of any interests that have suffered more by the stringency of the times than those of "Church Papers," and this is mainly because the honest, humble Christian people who appreciate them, find it difficult to spare the money for them. And yet the advantages of these publications are so great that they ought not to be given up, although their continuance involve sacrifice. We would, therefore, urge our people, who may be in straitened circumstances, to do the best they can do in the matter, and, if possible, pay their subscription in advance.

PROPOSED CHANGES BY THE REFORMED EPISCOPALIANS.

The Reformed Episcopalians are making many changes and seem to find it difficult to know when to stop. At a late Council, a resolution was offered, blotting out the words "Holy Catholic Church," from the Apostles' Creed, and substituting, "Universal Christian Church;" another looked to a modification of the Litany, and a third proposed to expunge the word "Sacrament," wherever it occurs in the Prayer-book, and put "Ordinance" in its place. Still another proposition was made to strike out the words, "Everlasting damnation," from the Church literature and adopt the phrase "condemnation of the Gospel." All these subjects were referred to Committees for consideration.

But this is not all. A Rev. Mr. Campbell, who is experimenting in Reformed Episcopacy, and likes it so well, that he has applied for admission to the ranks; but he has expressly stipulated, that he shall have equal privileges with a Bishop, lay his hands upon the heads of candidates for Confirmation, and the question now is whether this concession can be made. This will test the polity of the new denomination, as far as the party of the clergy is concerned. There has been some trembling for the Ark, the part of those who avow that there is nothing sacred in it, but the whole matter has been sent up to a higher ecclesiastical Court.

THE LAY COLLEGE AT BROOKLYN.

The Tabernacle Lay College started in Brooklyn by Dr. Talmage some time ago, has been re-organized and incorporated. Very eminent men of different denominations are to be lecturers, but it seems to us, that while such schools may give some useful men to the Church, they will be apt to lower the standard of the ministry, and fill the pulpits with those not prepared for the work. A year ago it was announced, that this institution, which seems to have received its first impetus by the preaching of Mr. Moody, had already sent out eleven hundred evangelists. What has become of them or what they are doing, we do not know, but this is a large number compared with those who are sent out yearly from all the Theological Seminaries of the land. And if a short cut can be made into the ministry, the effect will be demoralizing. We are glad to see, that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has recommended to the directors of their Seminaries to lengthen the theological course, so as to give one year to the special study of the word of God in the original and in English. Compliance with this recommendation will make the regular course of study four years, instead of three, as at present; and bring it into full conformity with the system, which prevails in the Theological Seminaries under the control of

the Presbyterian Churches of the Scottish order.

Notes and Quotes.

We welcome to our table a fresh-looking octavo, containing 323 pages of Notes on the Heidelberg Catechism, by Rev. A. C. Whitmer. It will be found to be a useful contribution to our Church literature, and we promise that it shall have a more extended notice in these columns hereafter.

The Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church of New York city is thinking of offering the pastorate to Rev. Dr. Storrs, the eminent Congregational minister of Brooklyn. The only difficulty in the way, according to the *Intelligencer*, seems to be an unwillingness to take him from his present field of labor.

The *Alliance* justly says, "Backbiting, and ill-will, and criticism are the curse of Churches, and hence the weakness must be overcome by the strength of the obligation enforced when joining the Church. God must be just as anxious that His children shall think well of one another, as that they shall compliment Him by some prayers and songs."

The horrors of the Chinese famine may be imagined, if we are to credit a Baptist missionary, who writes to a Shanghai paper, that he saw men carrying in baskets little girls 8 or 9 years old, to be sold for food. He says they boil and eat those children, so severe is the hunger. The distress extends over regions of China inhabited by about 57,000,000 people.

Forty New England pastors in replying to an inquiry of the *Congregationalist* upon the point, have expressed themselves in favor of but one sermon on each Sunday. In the second service they think something else should be the main feature. If the children, and indeed the whole congregation, could be taught the Catechism in the afternoon, and the evening be spent around the family altar, it would be well. We are glad to see that a tendency in this direction is so apparent.

Among the Exchanges.

The *Interior* gives this advice: "Look well to your pew rents. If there is a falling off, notify your pastor to leave. Tell him he is a very good man in heart, life, fidelity, and whatever else good you can honestly say of him, but tell him that his usefulness is declining, and that he had better seek a field where his talent will be more valuable. To do a prosperous business, the freshness and novelty of the goods must be maintained. There is nothing like business tact and enterprise. When the old minister is driven off and the new one brought on, then deal squarely and honestly in your advertising business. Do not put in any sanctimonious shams. It pays better to put it in business shape. Send to the Daily Smircher something like this:

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF PLAIN AND FANCY Religious Notions just received, on consignment, at that popular old stand, the Enterprise Church, which will be closed out in lots to suit pewholders. We import our gospel direct, and are careful to select only the prevailing styles. Pews are selling very low, when the quality of the goods is considered. Come quick! First come first served!
N. B.—Our Soprano can strike high C three times out of five."

A layman in the *Christian Union* writes this on "The Delivery of Sermons":

"Men and women of highly trained intellect like quiet speakers. If a preacher stands still, and simply but expressively utters profound truth, minds accustomed to follow long trains of thought listen with greater satisfaction than if he were very animated, while other hearers may go to sleep. If he uses all his physical strength in voice and gesture, he will carry the attention of the mass, and weary the nervous and intellectual few. Very few preachers can speak, without notes, with the mental force, pith and precision with which they can write. Very few can read a written sermon with the oratorical force, freshness and directness with which they can speak. The greatest masters of pulpit oratory are able to do both at once; to write fully and deliver freely. The opinions I have heard from laymen on this point lead me to think the preacher should watch his own way, and be guided by general results, rather than by any special criticism, unless that of experts in the art of oratory."

The Golden Rule says:

Many people make the great blunder of supposing that our city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country. It is a very natural blunder for people to make; and yet it is a mistake, nevertheless. Every great city has its great men in all the professions. But where it has one great man, it has scores of small ones. To one who has served ministerially in the country and city churches, alike, the error of the popular estimate is apparent. We know of dozens of ministerial brothers, serving in country churches, many

of them in small, out-of-the-way parishes, who, judged either by the standard of scholarship, of zeal, or of pulpit efficiency, are able to stand side by side with those who represent the highest average of talent in our city pulpits. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, taking them man for man, the preachers in the country churches, so far as New England goes, will outrank on the average the preachers of the cities.

A man must be very strong in his originality, he must be intensely personal in his characteristics, in order to resist those influences in city life, which are calculated to level him downward, in the scale of personal power. In the country, a man can grow naturally. He furnishes the standard of judgment, to his parish, in himself. His development is normal and not artificial. His study of character can be more thorough, and his knowledge of life, while less varied, less complex, less full, perhaps, can be more individualistic than it can be in the city.

There is also a moral education possible to the preacher in a country parish, that is not possible to one who conducts a great, swiftly-working metropolitan organization. He who can look out through his study windows upon a wide landscape, or a stretch of ocean view, or who lives within sight of the solemn hills,—who can retire at will from the noise of human activity into the sweet and suggestive quietude of nature,—has possibilities of spiritual culture which are denied those who live amid the noise and rumble, and narrow prospect of our city streets. Meadows and forests, and the solemn ocean shore, the quiet of night, and the peacefulness of undisturbed days, can teach one as neither books, nor statues of bronze, nor the sight of human faces can ever do.

A correspondent of the *Evangelist* has penned the following under the title of "The Pang and the Wrong." Rev. John C. Bucher, D.D., one of our oldest ministers, sends it to us for re-publication, and we are glad to put it right here, that all may read it.

"There lies before me a letter written by one who has now been for many years in his grave. He was a man of learning, easy eloquence, and a warm and tender heart. He had been a pastor, at the time of writing this letter, for nearly forty years. He loved his work, and had been greatly blessed in it. He was at one time engaged in revival meetings with the devoted Nettleton, and partook much of his spirit. But like many another faithful pastor he had suffered painfully from 'that two or three,' so often found in our churches. Speaking of his removal from one of the churches where he had labored long and successfully in the prime of his life, he says:

"The pain, the injury, and the lasting wounds of such disruptions, have never yet been fully stated. My own thought is that ministers must have feeling, or they are disqualified in an important particular for being pastors. But no tongue can utter or pen write what a man of sensibility often suffers in these cruel disruptions. To have a relation so dear and so sacred broken up and torn to fragments; to be driven into a cold and uncongenial place; to return occasionally to his former charge, and find families alienated from the church by this cruel loss; to see tears which he cannot assuage; and hear remarks which he may not, and will not, if he is a prudent man, reply to; to have the children whom he has baptized—now grown—cleaving to his hand in the streets; to look at the graves which he has helped to fill, and to be able to say there is not a house almost in all these streets where I have not prayed, or preached, or wept, or rejoiced with the inhabitants; and then to think that all this has been broken in upon, arrested and destroyed for such causes, to the great affliction of the church perhaps, and to the scandal of all religion—O! it is a grievance, however lightly some may regard it, or however thoughtlessly they may assist to bring it about. I write with no bitterness, but with a heart, I confess, which still bleeds, and will bleed forever, for this too common trial of the Christian ministry. May God forgive us all, if we have in aught sinned in this matter!"

"The hand that wrote these lines has long since 'forgotten its cunning.' The heart that was in more than one instance so needlessly and (as events showed) so unwisely pierced, long ago ceased to throb; it lies silent in the grave." But the 'cruel disruptions' of which the now happier writer speaks, are still by far too frequently repeated. And the ministers of Christ who have had many years of experience as pastors, very well know it is not usually those who are most devoutly and earnestly endeavoring to do the Saviour's work, who are the originators of the dissensions that bring about such breaking up of pastoral relations; ordinarily they are those who have least to do with prayer-meetings, perhaps trustees of the church who never were members of it, or those who would willingly 'heap to themselves teachers having itching ears.' It requires no great talent. Almost any one can do hurt. And little by little a sore is created; rubbing it enlarges it; anon it becomes a painful 'canker,' and—the story is then soon told. That inevitable 'two or three' accomplish it. Many a devoted, faithful, and successful laborer has thus been driven out, heart-broken, because of the unwisdom or caprice of a few; while the vast majority of the church have expostulated, but finally yielded rather than continue in a quarrel."

THE LATE ISAAC DANIEL RUPP.

A brief note in our last week's issue simply announced the death of Prof. I. Daniel Rupp, which took place at his residence in West Philadelphia, on Friday, the 31st of May, in the 75th year of his age. As he was well-known in literary circles in this country, especially in Pennsylvania, and also in the Reformed Church, of which he was a devoted member throughout his long and eventful life, it is due to his memory, that he should receive some special notice at our hands, a duty it affords us pleasure to discharge, though mingled with feelings of sadness at the remembrance of his death.

He belonged to a large and influential family in this country, who trace their origin to his grandfather, Jonas Rupp, a native of Reichen, in the bailiwick of Sinsheim, Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, who emigrated to America in 1751, settled first in what is now known as Lebanon county, but subsequently, in 1772, removed to Cumberland county, Pa., in what is now known as Hampden township, some five miles west of the Susquehanna, where the subject of this notice was born on the 10th of July, 1803. His father's name

was George Rupp, the seventh of a family of nine children, and he himself was the fourth of a family of fourteen children.

Prof. Rupp's early education was acquired in the midst of the limited facilities for such a purpose the times then afforded. He, however, had a strong desire for knowledge, and being a diligent student, made good use of the means for acquiring an education, which were at hand. His parents had originally destined him for the occupation of a farmer. A severe illness, however, with which he was visited when about twenty years of age, changed the plans for his future life. It was then determined, that he should become a physician, and with this object in view, he devoted himself to a series of systematic studies, including mathematics, geometry, history, and the English, French, Dutch (Hollandish), Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, besides some studies bearing directly upon the profession in view.

After he had been thus employed for about two years, his love for study continually increasing and carrying along with it a growing distaste for the practice of medicine, he was induced to change his plans for life. Instead of becoming a physician, he concluded to devote his life to teaching, as this would afford him special opportunities for following up his favorite pursuits, as well as furnish him the means of livelihood. We accordingly find him devoting a large portion of his life to this particular profession. During a period of at least twenty years, with occasional intervals, extending together from 1827 to 1860, he was engaged in teaching schools of different grades, in several counties of his native State, and also in Hamilton county, Ohio. A large number of persons received the rudiments of their education from him.

He early evinced a marked fondness for historical studies, especially as these related to his native State, and that particular portion of the population, to which his ancestry belonged. To gratify his taste in this direction, he employed his intervals between his periods of teaching, in carrying out special plans formed for the purpose of bringing him into contact with people in various counties in the State, and affording him access to the sources of information, which would thus be opened up to him. Faithfully also did he improve the opportunities thus sought and obtained. He traveled with his eyes and ears open, in diligent pursuit of information, and with a ready pen to note down everything worthy of preservation. Archives were carefully and thoroughly searched, and many important facts buried for years, thus brought to light. In this way, he gathered a vast amount of historical material, a large portion of which he embodied, at different times, in as many as seven large volumes, detailing the special history of some twenty-one distinct counties and the western portion of the State, leaving still a large amount on hand which has not yet been given to the public.

His literary pursuits, however, took a much wider range than the mere historical to which we have referred. In the way of translations, compilations, and some original works, he published, besides the seven historical volumes named, as many as eighteen others of various sizes, on as many different subjects. Among the most important of these are, a large octavo volume, entitled "An Original History of all Religious Denominations in the United States;" "Martyr's Geschichte," a translation from the English into German, the first work he published; "Collection of Thirty Thousand Names of Germans and other Immigrants to Pennsylvania from 1727 to 1776;" "The Wandering Soul," a translation from the German, and "Writings of Menno Simon," another translation.

Besides these published volumes, there are still on hand several works in manuscript, some of which, at least, especially "An Original Fireside History of German and Swiss Emigrants from 1682 to 1760," are of such interest and importance, that it is hoped they will still find their way to the public in a tangible form. Thus has the subject of our notice, through a long, laborious life, given to the public much that is of great value, and also rescued from oblivion much that will yet, in the hands of others, become most important material in developing the history of our country, and especially of Pennsylvania. We are not surprised to find, that he was highly appreciated by a large circle of literary men, and had bestowed upon him honorary membership in quite a number of the prominent literary and historical associations of the country.

Prof. Rupp was not only an eminent scholar and historian, he was also a true Christian. His parents belonged to the Reformed Church. They early consecrated him to God in baptism, and gave him a religious education. After attending a regular course of catechetical instruction, he was confirmed at the Frieden's Kirche, five miles west of Harrisburg, by the Rev. John Winebrenner, then the pastor of the Reformed church at Harrisburg, and several affiliated churches in the vicinity. He loved the Church of his fathers, and continued deeply interested in all her fortunes up to the time of his death.

He was married to Miss Caroline K. Aristide July 19th, 1827. She survives him, as his widow, along with six of their children, two having preceded their father to the eternal world. His remains were buried in Mt. Moriah cemetery on Monday, the 3d of June. A large number of persons were in attendance on the solemnities observed on the occasion, the leading portion of which took place at his late residence. They were participated in by his pastor, the Rev. J. S. Vandersloot, Dr. P. S. Davis, Dr. D. Van Horne, G. H. Johnston, and J. Dahman, of the Reformed Church, and Rev. Mr. Hollman, of the Lutheran Church. The writer of this brief sketch would certainly have also been present, had he not been providentially prevented.

Thus has passed from his multifarious labors on earth to his rest with the redeemed in heaven, one, whose life was devoted to the interests of his race and to the honor of his Divine Master. May those more immediately affected by his departure be fully sustained under their bereavement, by the consolations of the gospel, and enabled by divine grace to follow in his footsteps as he followed Christ!

CLASSIS OF EAST PENNSYLVANIA.

Classis met in St. Mark's Church, Easton, Pa., May 27th, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Ministers present at different times during its sessions, twenty-seven of thirty-six, and elders, twenty-five. Revs. N. Z. Snyder of the Classis of Tohickon, and Theodore Apple, D. D., of the Classis of Lancaster, were present as advisory members. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. W. R. Hoffer, the retiring President, from Acts 26: 18.

Rev. D. Y. Heister was elected President by

acclamation; Rev. N. S. Strassburger is *Classis Clerk*; Rev. S. G. Wagner was re-elected *Treasurer*; Rev. T. O. Stem was elected *Corresponding Secretary*. The President appointed the usual committees.

Revs. P. A. Schwarz and Benjamin Weiss were excused for absence from the present sessions of Classis. The request of Synod, that pastors preach a sermon on the necessity of an educated ministry, was approved.

Classis has substantially complied, and will continue to comply with the instructions of Synod, by prosecuting its missionary operations in connection with the Board of Missions.

The Synodical assessments for Home Missions, St. Stephen's congregation, Washington, D. C., Sinking Fund and Contingent Fund of Synod, were referred to the Committee on Finance, with the instruction to apportion them among the different charges of Classis.

The Stated Clerk was instructed to furnish the pastors annually with a copy of the blank for a statistical report of a charge, and also to use in his statistical report of Classis to Synod, the blank adopted by the General Synod.

Pastors, consistories, and Church members were requested to observe Article 130 of the Constitution, which reads as follows: "Members of the Church, moving from the bounds of one congregation to those of another, shall obtain a certificate of Membership and dismission, and connect themselves at the earliest opportunity with the congregation to whose bounds they have removed."

The Bethany Orphans' Home at Womelsdorf, Pa., was "commended to the love and liberality of all our congregations and Sunday-schools, and especially in view of its pressing wants."

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, is earnestly requested to "receive the Allentown Female College under its care."

Congregations to be supplied for one year as follows: Blandon by Rev. Benjamin Weiss; Lehighton by Rev. L. K. Derr; Emaus by Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs; Lowhill by Rev. J. N. Bachman; Rittersville by Rev. I. K. Loos; Freemansburg by Rev. N. Z. Snyder; Oxford Furnace, Bushhill Centre and St. Peter's by Rev. Robert Lisberger. Rev. H. H. W. Hübshman was authorized to organize a Reformed congregation in Bangor, Northampton county, Pa., which is to be connected for the present with the Mt. Bethel charge.

Since the last annual meeting of Classis, four Licentiates were ordained and installed in their respective charges, viz.: J. J. Crist, pastor of Catasauqua; J. N. Bachman, pastor of Jacksonville; C. W. E. Siegel, pastor of Hamilton, and J. E. Smith, pastor of Moore Township.

Messrs. Benjamin B. Frer, S. Sydney Kohler, William H. Xanders, and Adam J. Bachman, graduates of Franklin and Marshall College, and of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., and Phao S. Kohler, a graduate of the Yale Theological Seminary, were duly examined and licensed to preach the Gospel.

The resolution whereby Classis two years ago, assumed the one half of the debt resting on the Church property of the Reformed congregation of Catasauqua, Pa., was for various reasons reconsidered and then declared null and void.

Classis allowed Messrs. Thomas A. Fenstermaker an appropriation of \$75; William J. Kershner, \$50; Joshua Wolbach, \$175, and Newton Miller, \$175, respectively for one year, to prosecute their studies in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa.

The pastoral relation between Rev. C. A. Rittenhouse and the Kreidersville charge, was dissolved: he was, however, permitted to supply the St. Paul's congregation during the present pastoral year, or such part thereof as they may mutually agree upon.

The report of the committee, to whom the propriety of dividing the Classis of East Pennsylvania had been referred, was received; but the final action thereon was postponed till the next annual meeting of Classis.

Classis appropriated \$400 to the Reformed mission at Catasauqua; \$400 to Grace Reformed mission on College Hill, Easton, Pa., and \$300 to Christ's Reformed mission at Allentown, Pa., for one year respectively. Classis also recommended the establishment of auxiliary missionary societies in all the congregations and Sunday-schools under its control.

Classis will meet in annual session in Lehighton, Carbon county, Pa., on Monday before Ascension Day, 1879, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

On Thursday morning, Rev. S. G. Wagner preached a sermon on Home Missions from Hagai 1: 7, 8; and in the evening Rev. I. K. Loos preached a sermon on the hardships and self-denials of the first settlers in Pennsylvania, in establishing the Reformed Church.

Messrs. Alfred J. Dreisbach and Jacob Hartzell, students in the Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., were taken under the care of Classis.

Special services on next Ascension Day at 10 o'clock, A. M. Almsgiving, the duty and best plan thereof. Rev. E. W. Reinecke, D. D., *primarius*, and Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, *secundus*. At 2 o'clock, P. M. addresses on the subject of the Sunday-school work, by Revs. S. A. Leinbach and C. W. Siegel; and at 7 o'clock, P. M., sermon on the Reformed Church and her work in the United States, Revs. D. F. Brendle *primarius*, and N. S. Strassburger, *secundus*. STATED CLERK.

Report on the State of Religion and Morals of East Pennsylvania Classis.

Fathers and Brethren: The Committee on the State of Religion and Morals beg leave to report:

From the parochial reports placed in our hands, we gather the following facts. Most of our pastors were permitted to labor in the Master's vineyard without interruption during the past year. In these labors they manifested becoming zeal and self-denial. Two or three were laid aside from their active duties for a short time; but they have all with one exception, been restored again. It is a matter of thankfulness, that our ranks were not invaded by the hand of death. All our charges and congregations have been supplied with the means of grace; and there is not a single vacant charge within the bounds of our Classis.

One marked feature in our ecclesiastical life, is that our people are not eager for change. If they have a faithful pastor, they are anxious to retain him. Hence long pastorates may be said to be the rule, and short ones the exception. One brother reports that, during the past year, he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement in his present field of labor. Others have been settled still longer; still others for from fifteen to twenty years; and only the fewest number have been settled for a less period than eight or ten years. Thus time is afforded for laying a deep foundation and building upon it a solid

structure; then our people can be rooted and grounded in the doctrines and practices of our Church.

Another feature is that our territory is to a great extent free from those unchristian sects and influences, which so often prove detrimental to the unfolding of a proper Church life. Our people still adhere to the good old custom of bringing their little ones to the altar for baptism, and of sending them, on arriving at a suitable age to the minister to be catechised and prepared for confirmation. Hence most of our pastors report large additions to the infant membership by baptism, and to the adult by confirmation. One brother reports over one hundred baptisms, and another nearly one hundred confirmations. Long may these good old customs of the forefathers continue!

The Sunday-school cause is receiving increased attention. Many of the schools stand under the immediate supervision of the pastors, and in such cases receive their personal counsel and instruction. Others, however, are so-called union schools, often held in school-houses; the bond by which these are connected with the Church, is of course of a much looser character.

The benevolent contributions have not been what they should be; still it affords some encouragement, that notwithstanding the stringency of the times, there has been no falling off as compared with the former year.

This Classis has three missions within its bounds, Catasauqua, Christ Church, Allentown, and Grace Church, Easton. The depressed state of business has hindered their progress very much; yet they are hopeful, and if they can be properly aided for a few years longer, they will no doubt become self-supporting.

As there is a dark side to every picture, so there is one here too. There is too much of the spirit of worldliness; "a want of spirituality—not that strong, earnest desire and will to work in the cause of the Master, that renunciation of self-will, and that subjection to the will of God, which constitutes *sainthood*, and which should characterize the redeemed."

What we then, as pastors, elders and people especially need, is a more entire consecration to the service of Christ, more heart to labor in His cause, a greater willingness to spend and be spent for Him, in a word to glorify Him in all our thoughts, words and actions.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

M. A. SMITH, Chairman.

REPORT

On the State of Religion and Morals in West Susquehanna Classis.

Dear Brethren:—Another classical year has come to its close with its sorrows and joys; its trials and triumphs. As heretofore, so in regard to the past year, the various Parochial reports present as many different shades of coloring. While in each charge there are some indications of prosperity and progress in one direction or the other, yet none are exempt from deficiencies. Throughout is manifest the truth that the Church, though Divine-human in her constitution, yet on the human side is imperfect.

The general tenor of the reports of the different pastors on the State of Religion and Morals is that of progress under difficulties: these latter are of a two-fold character, or rather, arise from different sources. As always has been, and always will be, so long as time lasts, the progress of *holiness* among the children of men is impeded from without and from within.

In certain localities sectarianism is represented as doing its evil work; so thorough its influence have been made to enter the faith. It has tended to vitiate a truly churchly life and breed disrespect for, and a want of trust in the divinely constituted means of grace, as bringing to the children of men the assurance of salvation. While this is to be lamented over, it is also true, at the same time, that it is not contagion from without so much as evil humors of the body from within, that hinders the growth and prosperity of our beloved Zion to a large extent.

There are evidently many dead branches here, according to the directions of our blessed Lord, should be taken away. The fact that but two excommunications are reported during the year is no evidence to the minds of the committee, other things considered, that the integrity, the purity and safety of the Church can be maintained without more rigid discipline.

A certain looseness is observable in regard to the confirmed membership. Many non-communicants are impliedly reported, who are also virtually non-members.

Some of the bad fruits of the old "union system" are still to be found throughout the bounds of Classis. The spirit of "independence" also to a limited extent allows itself to interfere with established law and authority.

These are some of the worst phases of the state of Religion and Morals, as these challenge our attention as a Classis. There are others to which we more willingly refer:

There is a growing sentiment in favor of greater pastoral vigilance in the way of counteracting various evils. Pastoral visitation is coming to be regarded as a very efficient arm of the service, the evidences appearing in the form of increased success.

The means of grace are faithfully used and their use declared to be an essential factor in the salvation of men. There is a growing promptness on the part of parents in giving their children to the Lord in Holy Baptism, and also a growing apprehension of the significance of the sacrament and of the relation which it establishes. While it is true that there are those who live out a miserable spiritual existence without partaking of the Holy Communion, others in increasing numbers find it impossible to live without the spiritual nourishment which this most comfortable sacrament affords. This is encouraging indeed.

It has been the case ever since the birth-day of the Church that men have been slow to apprehend. In the time of the Apostle Paul and under his efficient ministry it appears, that many having even the full stature of manhood, were yet "babes in Christ;" and St. Paul prepared food suitable to their weak condition, feeding them on the "Sincere milk of the Word." So must ministers now expect to find like cases; and food that is too strong, must be withheld from those not able to endure it, not forgetting, however, to cater to the wants of those weak ones.

The increase of liberality in our Church is apparent. When we consider the oppression: the general stagnation in all the avenues of trade, and the discouraging results in agriculture, we have nevertheless cause for encouragement.

Houses of worship are being erected, and new congregations are organizing, which latter betokens the extension of the Church.

The Sunday schools are generally in a prosperous condition, and partly, at least, are made to subserve the interests of the Church. The children and youth are faithfully instructed in the doctrines and truths of our holy religion, and at the proper age are admitted into full communion by the laying on of hands. The number added to the Church by confirmation exceeds that of last year by more than fifty per cent.

Increased mortality is reported throughout these Classical bounds.

One member of this reverend body has been removed by the relentless hand of Death. Rev. Jonathan Zellers died on the 3d of August, 1877, aged 72 years. He lived by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and died in the triumph of that faith.

Truly, brethren, we have cause for both encouragement, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church.

Let the failings of the past be warnings for the future; the partial success of the past, the harbinger of greater success in the future.

In the language of the "Chief among the laborers" in the cause of Christ,— "Forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, let us press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Amen. GEO. P. HARTZELL, Chairman.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF PALATINATE COLLEGE.

The second Musical Commencement of this institution, took place on the evening of the 5th inst. The event was, in every sense of the word, a success. The final examination on the theory and technique of music was satisfactorily passed on Tuesday afternoon. The number of the class was eight. On the evening of graduation, the crowd was so large, that the spacious chapel was not able to seat more than three-fourths of those who sought admission. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Magic Flute," Mozart, Miss Beckie Moore and Mr. J. F. Schenour; Piano Solo, "Murmurs Eolien," Gottschalk, Miss Fannie C. Killinger; Piano Solo, "Ballade (Op. 47.)" Chopin, Miss Miranda Zeller; Piano Trio, "Faust," Gounod, Miss Katie Powell, Messrs. Horn and Veagley; Piano Solo, "Sonate Pathétique," Beethoven, Miss Annie R. See; Presentation of Diplomas; Overture, "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini, Miss Katie Powell and Mr. A. P. Horn; Benediction.

The selections were all of an elevated and classical character, and the rendering of them gave adequate satisfaction to a goodly number of capable critics, who honored the class with their presence. This second successful commencement places the musical department of the institution on a firm footing as one of the first musical schools of the state. It is under the direction of Miss Roie E. Adams, who has much reason to congratulate herself upon the encouraging fruits of eight years of well directed and patient toil.

On Thursday morning a musical entertainment was furnished by the members of the preceding class, consisting of five members. Among the pieces satisfactorily performed were Rhapsodie No. 2, of Liszt, and the Grand Sonata of Beethoven. Choice vocal music added variety to the occasion.

On Thursday evening the Palatinate Literary Society held its eleventh anniversary. The orators were as follows:—Vocal Duet, "Spring Returning," Dotizetti; Prayer; Salutory, J. M. Strohm; Oration, "Insobriodination," A. M. Viven; Vocal Duet, "How Beautiful is Night," Brinley Richards; Eulogy, "Mother Goose," Lee L. Grumbine; Solo, "When Sparrows Build," Gabriel; Oration, "While the Bonnet is Trimming the Face Grows Old," Morris B. Reber; Vocal Duet, "Cheerfulness," Grumbert; Palatinate Oration, "National Morality," G. W. Griffith; Vocal Quartette, "Alpine Echoes;" Honorary Oration or Address, "Self-Constituted Great Men," J. B. Dampman, Esq., of Reading; Doxology; Benediction.

All acquitted themselves well, and reflected credit upon the institution as well as the society. The address of J. B. Dampman, Esq. was pointed, witty and eloquent, and was received with much favor by the large audience present. The music under the direction of Miss Annie V. Rogers, the vocal instructress, can hardly be too highly extolled. R.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. E. D. Miller, pastor of the Ringtown charge, Schuylkill county, Pa., brought the Spring communions in his charge to a close on the 12th of May. He reports thirty-nine additions to his churches by confirmation. Of these twelve were added to the St. Paul's church, of which five are heads of families and three received adult baptism. Confirmation has also been administered in this congregation every year during the last four years. Thirteen were added to the St. John's congregation, eight of whom are heads of families. This congregation was reorganized last summer, and now contains a membership of forty-five. And fourteen were added to Emanuel's church, two of whom are heads of families. This congregation was organized last fall, and now numbers between forty-five and fifty members. Besides the three adult baptisms reported, baptism was administered to over one hundred infants during the year. But few deaths have occurred in the charge within the same period.

Twelve young ladies were added to Trinity Reformed church, Pottsville, Pa., Rev. John P. Stein, pastor, by confirmation, in connection with a communion held on the 2d of June. They were previously examined on the doctrines of the Christian religion, in the presence of a large congregation, the questions all being answered with promptness. The altar and church were appropriately adorned for the occasion with floral decorations.

Under instruction of the Lebanon Classis, the same pastor has been preaching as supply at Cressona, during the past year. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the congregation at that place on Easter Sunday. Eighteen persons, members of a class of catechumens, who had been attending lectures during the previous six months, were added to the church by confirmation. Ninety persons also partook of the holy communion. The congregation is fully organized, but is yet without a church of its own. Services are held regularly every Sunday in the Episcopal church, which is crowded with attentive lis

teners at nearly every service. They also join most heartily in the service of praise.

Sixteen persons were added to the St. John's church, of the Lock Haven, Pa., charge, Rev. Isaac Stahr, pastor, in connection with the Spring communion, by confirmation. The services at the communions in both churches were well attended.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

In connection with the communion recently held in the New Stanton congregation of the Second Greensburg charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., Rev. J. W. Love, pastor, four persons were added to the church, three by confirmation and one by certificate. This increases the additions to this charge this Spring to twenty-two.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

In connection with the Spring communions held in the Conowaga charge, Adams County, Pa., of which the Rev. A. J. Heller is pastor, twenty persons were admitted to membership in the Church, fifteen by confirmation and five by certificate. The attendance on the services was large, and at no time during the present pastorate was the number of communicants as large as at the present time.

From an article in the "Mercersburg Journal," we learn, that the Female Seminary at that place, of which the Rev. J. Hassler is Principal, closed its session on the evening of the 27th of May, with the usual commencement exercises, which consisted of Essays and Music. The former are spoken of as good and well read, and the latter as having been skilfully rendered. Three of the young ladies, who had passed through the regular course of studies, received diplomas of graduation. The Seminary is said to be in a prosperous condition.

WESTERN CHURCH.

At a communion recently held in the church at Zwingli, Iowa, Rev. F. C. Bauman, pastor, twenty-five persons were added to the Church, nineteen by confirmation and six by certificate and renewed profession. The pastor was assisted in the services by the Rev. C. Cort.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

For the Annual Commencement of Franklin and Marshall College, 1878.

Sunday, June 16th, at 10 P. M., Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. T. G. Apple, D. D.

Tuesday, June 18th—Meeting of the Board of Trustees, at 2 P. M.

Wednesday, June 19th—Meeting of Alumni and Society Reunions, at 8 A. M.; Alumni Dinner at 1 P. M.; Class Day Exercises, at 2 P. M.; Address before the Literary Societies, at 8 P. M.

Thursday, June 20th—Commencement at 9 A. M.

Visitors travelling by way of the Pennsylvania, Philadelphia and Erie, Northern Central, or Cumberland Valley Railroads will receive orders for excursion tickets by addressing the Secretary of the Faculty. Excursion tickets will be sold to all persons desiring to attend the Commencement, at all stations on the main line of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, between Pottsville and Norristown, and on the East Pennsylvania and Reading and Columbia branches.

JOS. HENRY DUBBS, Secretary of the Faculty. Lancaster, Pa. June 6th, 1878.

PHILADELPHIA CLASSIS.

The following are rail road arrangements for members of Philadelphia Classis, who purpose attending the annual meeting at Boehm's Church, June 14th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Take 6.30 P. M. train, North Pennsylvania Railroad, at Philadelphia for Penn. Lynn; 5.05 P. M. train at Norristown, Stony Creek Railroad, for Belfry, and 7.09 P. M. train at Chalfant for Penn. Lynn. Carriages will be in waiting at Penn. Lynn and Belfry stations.

J. H. SECHLER, Stated Clerk and pastor loci.

P. S.—The attention of members is called to the action of Classis requiring them to make their arrangements to remain over Sunday.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The Commencement exercises of Mercersburg College will take place Wednesday evening, June 26th, 1878, with a graduating class of nine members. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to all.

GEO. F. MULL, Secretary of Faculty. June 6, 1878.

Married.

On the 30th of May, by Rev. Ellis N. Kremer, Elder John P. Reed, of Bedford, Pa., to Miss Sarah Ellen Weiss, of the same place.

On Wednesday evening, June 5th, 1878, at Grace church, Pittsburgh, by Rev. F. J. Barkley, Mr. John K. Osborn to Miss Mary Suman, both of Allegheny City.

Obituaries.

On June 1st, in Greensburg, Pa., Minnie S., daughter of Amos and Amanda Kiehl, aged 4 years 3 months and 17 days.

Minnie was a very dear, bright and loving child—one of twins. Her Saviour loved her well, and saw fit to transplant her to the paradise above. It was very sad to part with her, but it is a blessed comfort to know that she is with the best of Friends, who will care for her as children can be cared for only in heaven.

"Though much it seems a wonder and a woe That one so loved should be so early lost, And hallowed tears may unforbidden flow To mourn the blossom that we cherished most— Yet all is well; God's good design I see, That where our treasure is our hearts may be." J. W. L.

Acknowledgments.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

| BENEFICIARY EDUCATION. | |
|---|----------|
| Receipts during May. | |
| From the Virginia Classis per Rev. H. St. John Rinker, Treasurer. | \$28 00 |
| Hagerstown Church, per Rev. J. Spangler Kieffer, pastor | 15 00 |
| Zion's Classis, per Elder Wm. A. Wilt, Treasurer | 50 00 |
| Bedford Church, per Rev. E. N. Kremer, pastor | 71 40 |
| Jefferson charge, per Rev. N. H. Skyles, pastor | 22 50 |
| Amount, | \$186 90 |
| Wm. M. DEATRICK, Treas. Board of Education. | |
| Mercersburg, Pa., June 1st, 1878. | |

Youth's Department.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

Softly fell the twilight;
In the glowing west
Purple splendors faded;
Birds had gone to rest;
All the winds were sleeping;
One lone whip-poor-will
Made the silence deeper,
Calling from the hill.

Little Fred—the darling—
On his mother's knee,
In the gathering darkness,
Still as still could be,
Watched the deepening shadows;
Saw the stars come out;
Saw the weird bats flitting
Stealthily about;

Saw across the river
How the furnace glow
Like a fiery pennant,
Wavered to and fro;
Saw the tall trees standing
Black against the sky,
And the moon's pale crescent
Swinging far and high.

Deeper grew the darkness;
Darker grew his eyes
As he gazed around him,
In a still surprise.
Then he listened, listened!
"What is this I hear
All the time, dear mamma,
Sounding in my ear?"

"I hear nothing," said she,
All the earth is still."
But he listened, listened,
With an eager will,
Till at length a quick smile
O'er the child-face broke,
And a kindred lustre
In his dark eyes woke.

"Now I know, dear mamma!
I can hear the sound
Of the wheels, the great wheels
That move the earth around!"
Oh, ears earth has dulled not!
In your purer sphere,
Strains from ours withholden,
Are you wise to hear?

Youth's Companion.

ABOUT CAMELS.

A few weeks since, a traveling menagerie visited our village; and, as I watched the long procession passing up the street, I noticed an elephant leisurely plodding along the dusty road, and by his side a patient camel, in his rusty coat, and his head raised, sniffing up the breath of our cool mountain air. After the whole pageant had passed along—the gilded chariot, gayly-decked horses, and heavy vans, with their living freight, while diminutive ponies and the heavier animals closed the procession,—my mind went back to that one solitary camel, "the ship of the desert," and I recalled much of its peculiar organization, of which I had heard and read, and I thought, perhaps, a short talk about this wonderful animal might not be unacceptable to our young readers.

One writer says, "The camel is the most perfect machine on four legs that we have any knowledge of." To be sure, the machinery looked very clumsy; his great joints show through his sides as he moves along; and his tail is a bare apology, and hardly worthy of notice. But the Creator formed him expressly for traversing sandy deserts, where neither birds, beasts, insects, nor vegetables can exist. A sacred treasure, indeed, to the Arab, is "this pudding-footed pride of the desert."

The expression of the face of the camel is rather pathetic. His eyes are large and liquid, and above them are deep cavities, big enough to hold a hen's egg. The aquiline nose, with long, slanting nostrils, that he can close tightly against the sand-storms, and hot, burning winds of the desert, give a very scornful expression to the face. The under lip is pouting and puckering; and you are not at all surprised when the poor beast bursts into tears, and cries long and loud like a vexed child.

The feet of the camel are of very singular construction, with a tough, elastic sole, soft and spongy, as they fall noiselessly on the earth, and spread out under his tottering weight. This form of the foot prevents the animal from sinking in the sand, and he is very sure-footed on all sorts of ground.

We read sometimes of a camel being tied down in the sand, patiently waiting his burden. Did it ever occur to you that it was not very easy to find anything in the desert to which you might tie a camel? The fact is, you tie the

camel to himself. When he has shut up his legs under him, like a knife-blade, a leathern bracelet is slipped over his knee, and it is impossible for him to open his leg as long as this thong is around it, binding the knee and shin-bone together like a pair of tongs.

The camel requires but little food. One-pound weight of dates, beans, or barley, will serve him for twenty-four hours; but he prefers coarse leaves, twigs, or thistles, and will perform the longest journeys on this meagre fare. Within the cavity of his stomach is a sort of paunch, provided with membranous cells, to contain an extra supply of water, which will last him many days while he traverses the desert.

While the camel is kneeling, with the thong about his leg, he receives the burden which he is to carry: and if he is to take a traveler upon a journey, he still remains in this position; while the traveler steps into the curve of his neck, and goes up the front stairs to the top of his hump. The saddle is usually made of wood, with thick rugs strapped over it. The motion of camel-riding is not very agreeable. The animal puts the two legs on one side of him forward at the same time, and then, leaning over, pushes the other side ahead: one is thus continually rocked back and forth. The motion is not unlike that of a small boat in a chop sea, and many people are very sea-sick when they mount a camel for the first time. So you see, as one writer says, "Providence has made every camel his own hitching-post and step-ladder, his own cistern and vegetable-market."

The average rate of travel for a caravan is between two and three miles an hour; and the camel jogs on, hour after hour, at the same pace, and seems to be just as fresh at night as in the morning when he started on his travels. The Arabians say of the camel, "Job's beast is a monument of God's mercy."

The flesh of the camel was unclean to the Hebrews. "Because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof, he is unclean to you," saith the Lord. But the milk has always been an important article of food to the Arabs, and they prize it highly as a cool and refreshing drink: and they do not abstain from feeding on the flesh.

The camel sheds his hair regularly once a year, and carpets and tent-cloths are made from it: it is also woven into cloth. Some of it is exceedingly fine and soft; though it is usually coarse and rough, and is used for making coats for the shepherds and camel-drivers: and huge water-bottles, leather sacks, also sandals, ropes, and thongs, are made of its skin.

What adds most of all to the interest in this remarkable animal is, that we read so much of it in Bible stories. The number of one's camels was a token of his wealth. It is said that Job had three thousand; and of the Midianites it is said, "Their camels were without number, as the sand by the sea-side for multitude."

The beautiful Rebekah came to Isaac riding on a camel; and, in the history of Joseph, who does not remember about the company of Ishmaelites from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt? "Joseph was lifted up out of the pit, and sold to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver." And, when the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem, she brought King Solomon "camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones."

All through God's blessed book we find these animals occupying quite a prominent place, from the early story when Abraham sent his servants into Mesopotamia, and Rebekah came forth, and let down her pitcher in the well, and gave him to drink, and then hasted and drew water for all his camels, unto the time of the birth of Christ, when it is said that the wise men from the East came upon their camels, bringing their gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh—to the infant Saviour.—*Well Spring.*

The way to enjoy what you possess, is to be willing to give it up if God call for it, saying, "Of thine own have I given Thee."

TWO FACES.

A girl with two faces! I wish you could see her and hear her. When speaking to mother she is snapping and cross, looks lofty and proud, lifts her head with a toss; but when company comes she is all melting with goodness, her face lights up cheerful, and her words come with sweetness. She is a regular hypocrite—ugly in private, but just like an angel before all the public. When she marries, if ever, she will be her husband's tormentor, pout and scold, and make home a place dreadful to enter. When her husband appears, she will always be grunting; but happy enough when he is gone and she hunting for other dear friends whom she loves to make happy. The girl of two faces, wherever you find her, is a mixture of serpent and dove, so do not imitate her. Her cruelty makes her a tormentor. Neither mother nor husband can cure her foul temper.—*Sunday-school Herald.*

THE COW-HERD WHO BECAME A POET.

Twelve hundred years ago, when England was not as it is to-day, one country, but an assemblage of petty sovereignties, one part of it was called Northumbria, or the land of the Angles. This kingdom stretched from Edinburgh on the north almost to the Wash on the south, and extended westward from the sea to the present towns of Nottingham, Sheffield, Harrogate, Appleby, and Carlisle. The southern part of it was intersected by impassable fens and morasses, full of shallow pools and reedy islets, inhabited only by wild fowl, and veiled in poisonous fogs. In the northern half were tracts of forests which were the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf.

At that period monasteries were the only colleges, and in them literature, art, what was then known of science, and even politics were taught.

At Whitby, a land-locked harbor far in the north, upon a wind-swept cliff overlooking the German Ocean, stood an abbey celebrated far and wide as a seminary of priests and scholars. Hild, a woman of royal race and of such character and learning, that she was called the Northumbrian Deborah, was its abbess. Kings and bishops did not disdain her counsels, and the sainted John of Beverley was her pupil. Within the walls were the tombs of Eadwine, the first Angle king who became a Christian, and Oswi, who conquered Penda, the fierce pagan king of Mercia, with nobles, queens, and princes grouped around them.

Among the servants of the house was a mild-eyed, silent man named Caedmon, who tended the cows. Although somewhat old, he had never learned the art of singing and story-telling, a common accomplishment in those days; for at feasts each one took the harp in his turn, and playing upon it, sang of the deeds of the old-time heroes; the sea kings of the north, who swept down upon the white towns of the Britons, and "left their houses without fire, without light, and without songs." When it came his turn, Caedmon always left the hall and crept away to the stable and the cows, and his bed upon the hay.

One night, after he had left the feast abashed and sorrowful, and had wept himself to sleep because of his dumb spirit, a lovely vision appeared to him and said,

"Sing, Caedmon, some song to me."
"Nay," answered Caedmon, "for that cause left I the feast and came hither."
"However that may be," answered the shining one, "you shall sing to me."
"What shall I sing?" asked Caedmon.

"The beginning of created things," replied He.

Whereupon Caedmon began singing verses in the praise of God; and awakening, remembered what he had sung, and added more in verse glorifying God.

In the morning the cow-herd stood before Hild and the assembled priests and scholars and told his dream. They believed a heavenly grace had been bestowed upon Caedmon by the Lord, and putting a golden harp within his hands, they bade him try his gift.

Trembling, he swept his stiff old fin-

gers across the strings, and then he sang the praise of God that he had sung the night before.

"Nay, stop not, Caedmon!" cried they all, when he was done. Again his voice, clear and full, went echoing through the stately hall, and he sang of the creation of the world, and of the angels who rebelled in heaven. And all day long Hild and the brethren listened to him, so divinely did he sing.

The dumb spirit had been given speech, and from that time till he died Caedmon made songs. Piece by piece he told the story of the chosen people, the wanderings in the wilderness, the deeds of judges and of kings, and the sorrow of the prophets. Christ's glory too he sang: the mystery of His birth, passion, and resurrection; His ascension, and the joys of heaven.

It is said no singer of his day could equal him; for, says the old historian tenderly, "he learned not poetry and singing of men, but of God."

When he was old and full of years he died, so peacefully, it is said, those watching beside him knew not when it was; and they buried him with honors within the gray walls of his home. Men are soon forgotten; but so long as the rush and roar of the sea is heard on the rocks of Whitby, and English speech is spoken, the name and the story of Caedmon will be remembered, for he was the father of English poetry.—*Churchman.*

SUMMER'S HERE.

BY MRS. L. C. WHITON.

Purple violets have died;
Snow-drops lost their leaves of snow;
But in valleys green and wide
Honeysuckles grow;
Robins with their rainbow breasts
Through the sunshine flashing go,
Dreaming of their hidden nests
Built high and low;
There's a rain of silvery singing—summer's here,
you know!

From the maple tassels red
All the fire has burned away,
And the soft green leaves instead
On the branches play;
Butterflies with wings of gauze
In the gold air golden glow,
And enthroned in roses pause,
Coaxing them to blow;
There are blue skies, heavenly tender,—summer's here,
you know!

Where the hill-sides wept in spring,
Grows the verdure fresh and bright;
And the swollen rivers sing
Rippling with delight;
Lilies, swaying with the tide,
In the shore-kissed waters blow;
And the swallows as they glide
Shadows fling below;
There's a whole world's throbbing pulses,—summer's here,
you know!

Squirrels dart from tree to tree;
In the tangled woods are heard
Whispered strains of ecstasy
When the pines are stirred;
Plumy ferns, that light winds shake,
Rock the sunshine to and fro,
And in quivering shadows make
Plumy ferns below;
There's abandonment of nature,—summer's here,
you know!

—Wide Awake.

SKIPPING THE HARD POINTS.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out, who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you; if you skip over the hard places in your lessons, and leave them unlearned, you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of those I was asked to do on the black-board."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems; and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding stu-

dent; the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a new study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school-life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does, will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.—*School-day Visitor.*

JOHN AND THE POSTAGE-STAMP.

John was a boy who "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small, rocky farm among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the wood-box, and saw that the postage-stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done duty and was henceforth useless. "The postmaster missed his aim, then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on the letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure; but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action which He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one!" cried conscience. "God will know it—that is enough, and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character, "yes; it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. The boy won a glorious victory.—*Children's Friend.*

Pleasantries.

LORD DUNDREARY ON GOING TO CHURCH.

"My lord, will you go to church to-day?"
"Yes, I—I'll go when the church bell rings! I—I like a church an' steeple an' that; they are vewy respectable things."
In Wome you must do as the Womans do—
That is, not Wome, but New York, you know—
So if g-good society goes to church,
Th-then a fellah, of courth, must go."

"Will your lordship assume your new dress suit?"
"Yes; i-its a pwinciple I pwofess, Pwoper respect to t-the persons concerned; I-i-its the wewgular thing, is f-full dwess. Besides, there's no need to disawwange things, One has neither t-to dance nor l-to walk, And th-then one is not expected to speak—
Th-there's another fellah there to talk."

"St. Demas wath always a thtylish church, For th-the pwewcher knows just what to say To people of wank and fashion and wealth, Which makes things—vewy pleasant that way."
"My lord, those are just my sentiments."
"Ah, indeed! I-I'm glad we agwee; To know that you know that I know—in fact, I-i-its all doothedly pleasant to me."

"My lord, I should like to go to church."
"Now don't be an ath without weason; Th-the ticket—the box—the pew I mean, Costs double th-the opewa season. Besides, there's the dwessing a-and giving, you know, A-and there's not a fwee list, I'll remawk. Abthurd! What would a p-poor man do at church?"
Dwess yourself and go wide in the Pawk."
Churchman.

You cannot always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid for.

When a new pedestrienne makes her debut on the sawdust track in Boston, the papers call it "bounding from sedentary obscurity into the arena of peripatetic celebrity." They have to put a mustard poultice on the back of the dictionary every night.—*Graphic.*

General News.

HOME.

There is to be a grand centennial celebration at Valley Forge on the 19th inst.

The announcement of the adjournment of Congress on the 17th inst. was hailed with joy.

The United Presbyterian Assembly, which met at Cambridge, Ohio, sanctioned the appointment of women as assistants to deacons. It, however, stipulated that such women should not be organized into sisterhoods.

The hostile demonstrations of the Bannock Indians, now joined by the Shoshones, hitherto friendly, are giving rise to great apprehensions. There seems to be no military force to meet the savages, who are committing depredations on the settlers.

It is said that more than thirty per cent of the 1,600,000 inhabitants of Massachusetts live within a radius of eight miles from the Boston State House, and about a year ago there were eleven thousand unoccupied dwellings in the State.

Washington, June 7.—The Cabinet discussed to day the subject of American citizens supplying ships and munitions of war to Russia, but no decision was reached. It will be resumed at the next meeting. Questions arose as to the duties of this government in permitting ships for war purposes to be built and fitted out in this country during the present crisis, as also the duty of the United States regarding the fulfillment of contracts made between Russian agents and American shipbuilders in the event of war being declared between the two nations.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—A dispatch from Rome says the Pope is ill in body, and distressed in mind by plots and cabals designed to defeat reforms he proposes. It is reported that the Pope manifests a disposition to abdicate. Cardinal Franchi is doing his utmost to check the machinations of the Jesuits. The latter, on the other hand, are striving to secure Cardinal Franchi's downfall.—The Senate unanimously passed a resolution expressing sympathy with the family of the late Earl Russell. King Humbert also telegraphed his condolence.

LONDON, JUNE 7.—An awful colliery explosion occurred in Evan's Wood pit colliery at Haydock, six miles south of Nigan in Lancashire, to-day. It shook the earth for miles around. The first explorer descended the shaft five minutes after the explosion, and others followed. Ten men were rescued alive and were sent to the surface, where one died almost immediately, and the others suffered much from after damp. Eight other men are alive and have taken refuge in a working of the mine. Two hundred and thirty-two men are dead. The explorers state that they found bodies decapitated, reduced to shapeless masses, and some of them blown to pieces. It is expected that the corpses will be brought up by midnight. A large number of men, women and children, surround the mouth of the pit. The cause of the explosion is unknown, as blasting with naked lights is prohibited.

A dispatch from Berlin says: Prussia yesterday submitted to the Federal Council a motion signed by Prince Bismarck proposing a dissolution of the Reichstag. The motion points out that in view of the second attempt on the life of the Emperor the government's responsibility for the maintenance of order does not permit them to rest content with having merely introduced the former abortive anti-Socialist bill, but they cannot count upon another bill which they intend to introduce meeting with better success in the existing Reichstag. The government, the motion says, do not wish to restrict any free legal movement.

QUEBEC, JUNE 7.—Striking laborers to the number of five hundred to-day forced the men at Roche's mill, Wolfe's Cove, to strike. They assaulted Roche and his clerk because he would not agree to pay his men a dollar per day. The strikers interviewed Premier Joly, who said the contractor would advance twenty cents, making the pay seventy and eighty cents. The offer was refused. A number of strikers were sent to prison to-day for intimidating workmen on various works in this city.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE CLASSES.

SYNOD OF THE U. S.

Lebanon Classis.—Leesport, Pa., June 11th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Philadelphia Classis.—Boehm's Church, Montgomery County, Pa., June 14th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Lancaster Classis.—Maytown, Pa., first Thursday after Whitsunday, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

East Susquehanna Classis.—Millersburg, Dauphin County, Pa., June 13th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Goshenhoppen Classis.—Boyetown, Pa., Friday after Whitsunday (June 14th), at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

Westmoreland Classis.—Salem, Westmoreland County, Pa., June 14th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

St. Paul's Classis.—Brown's Church, Crawford County, Pa., Thursday after Whitsuntide, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

Somerset Classis.—Somerset, Pa., Thursday after Whitsuntide, (June 13th), at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

LETTER LIST.

Aldenderfer, A. S., Aurandt, D.
Bomberger, Rev Dr J. H. A. Bausman, Rev Dr B. Brinkerhoff, B. R., Boyer, D. B., Bair, Rev H. Benner, S. (2), Bartholomew, Rev A. Bleischart, L. Baum, Rev C. Brown, H. Baughman, W.

Cleaver, Rev C. Collins, S. Cushman, J. R.
Dieffenderfer, Rev M. H. Derschmeier, J. W., Deemer, P.
Ediger, S. G.
Foust, A. E. C.

Greaser, F. F. Gring, Rev D. Gerhard, Rev D. W. Garner, Rev H. S.
Hoffmeier, Rev H. W. (3) Hilbush, J. R. Haderman, M. J. Hansen, Rev J. W. Holshouser, A. R. Heller, L. S. Hannabery, Rev J. Helfrich, T. G. (2), Hertzel, J. D. Henry, W. T.

Johnston, Rev Dr T. S.
Kindig, Rev J. M. Keller, J. A. Kieffer, F. U. Kohler, L. A.

Linderman, Rev F. S. Lakin, B. A. C. Lake, Rev O. E. Lehman, Rev J. J. Linn, E. B. Lakin, J. S. Long, Rev H. F. Love, Rev J. W. (2).

Muller, D. (3) Miller, J. C. Mowry, J. Mengle, G. Miller, Rev E. D.

Noss, Rev J. G.
Pennypacker, Rev J. J. Power, Emma, Pool, A. B.
Ritzman, J. Rupley, Rev F. A.
Skinner, Rev J. R. Strassburger, Rev N. S. Shafer.
Rev S. B. Sechler, Rev J. Smith, J. B. Sykes, Rev J. H. Stein, Rev J. P. (2), Souder, Rev J. M. Saylor, S. M. Stobinecker, J. Smith, S. S. Shonts, Rev J. B. Troutman, J. R. Thompson, Rev J. B.
Whiting, E. Wolf, Rev Dr G. Weiser, Emil, Whitmore, Rev D. M. White, T. W. Wolbach, Rev J. (2). Zacharias, Rev G. M.

HOME MISSIONS.

Received per Rev A. G. Dole, from Huntingdon, Pa., James B. Crothers and family, \$1.00;
Howard L. Crothers, 25; McConnelstown Cong., \$6.50. \$7.75

Received per Rev I. S. Stahr, Com. Col. St. John Church, Lock Haven, \$5.00.

Received per W. A. Witt, Treas. & Co. from Gettysburg Cong., \$5.00; Emanuel Charge, \$16.42; Conawango Charge, \$7.00; Trinity Ref. Ch. York, \$25.00; Christ's Ch. Charge, \$26.00; Hanover Cong., \$30.00; Abbotts-town, \$5.00. \$114.48

Received per Rev H. Mosser, Treas. Leb. Classis, from Berrville Cong., \$35.00; St. John's, Reading, \$2.25; Rev W. M. Reilly, \$2.00; Schwartzwalder Cong., \$20.00; Schaffer's Cong., \$5.00; Mohrsville Cong., \$6.00; Blue Mountain Cong., Rev T. C. Leinbach, \$15.00. \$85.25

Received per D. B. Mauer, Treas. & Co. from Rev Eli Keller, Christ Ref. Ch., \$14.17; Rev P. P. A. Hoffman, \$35.00. \$49.17

Received per E. Schellenberger, Treas. & Co. from Reiglesville Charge, \$19.50; Keller's Charge, \$23.89; Friedensville Charge, \$14.63; Indian Creek Charge, \$15.00; Springfield Charge, \$37.00. \$110.08

Received per Rev C. Cleaver, Treas. Lan. Clas, from New Providence Charge, \$2.89; Quarryville Charge, \$6.02; Bethany Charge, \$15.00. \$23.91

Received per H. C. Hoover, Treas. Phila. Classis, from S. R. Fisher, \$15.00. \$410.64

Wm. H. Seibert, Treasurer.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 8th 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour, Wheat, Superfine..... \$3.00 @ 4.00
" Extra Family..... 4.75 @ 5.20
" Fancy..... 5.37 @ 5.50

Rye..... 3.87 @ 3.90
Corn meal..... 2.50 @ 2.55
Buckwheat meal..... 1.50 @ 1.75

GRAIN. Wheat, White..... 1.14 @ 1.15
" Red..... 1.10 @ 1.11
Rye..... 62 @ 63

Corn, Yellow..... 47 @ 48
" White..... 45 @ 46
Oats..... 29 @ 31

Barley..... 70 @ 75
GROCERIES. Sugar, Cuba..... 74 @ 75
" Refined out loaf..... 10 @ 10½

" crushed..... 9½ @ 10
" powdered..... 9½ @ 10
" granulated..... 9½ @ 10

Coffee, Rio..... 13 @ 17
" Maracaibo..... gold 15½ @ 16½
" Laguayra..... gold 15½ @ 16½
" Java..... gold 22½ @ 24

PROVISIONS. Mess Pork..... 9.50 @ 10.00
Dried Beef..... 13 @ 15
Sugar cured Hams..... 8 @ 10

Lard..... 64 @ 74
Butter, Roll extra..... 9 @ 10
Butter, Roll Common..... 8 @ 9

Prints, extra..... 17 @ 20
" Common..... 14 @ 17
" Grease..... 4 @ 6

Eggs..... 14½ @ 15
SEEDS. Clover..... 6.25 @ 7.00
Timothy..... 1.35 @ 1.45

Flax..... 1.30 @ 1.35
PLASTER. White..... 3.00 @ 3.25
Blue..... 2.87 @ 3.00

Mrs. D. R. Boyd gives a book for young ladies, presenting devotion to the world and self-sacrifice for Christ in strong contrast: *Grace Ashleigh's Life-Work*. Published by the American Tract Society; price \$1.00, post-paid. Ask booksellers for it, or send to H. N. Thissell, District Secretary, No. 1512 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"STUDIES IN LUKE." Our readers who are interested in Sunday-Schools should read the advertisement of "STUDIES IN LUKE" in this number, a most unique and interesting work published for use in connection with the present course of Sunday-School Lessons in Luke.

Advertisements.

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WALTER & CO. have introduced a very active style for Visiting Cards, which they have called the "Monogram" Style. Its delicacy and beauty is much admired, and has become a great favorite.

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25 WHITE BRISTOL CARDS..... 75 CENTS.
25 PHILADELPHIA BRISTOL..... 25 CENTS.
25 MIXED CARDS..... 75 CENTS.

20 SNOWFLAKE..... 25 CENTS.
25 SATIN ENAMELLED..... 25 CENTS.
Your name will be printed on any of the above list, and sent by mail, postpaid, at the prices given. The Post-office address will be printed in addition to the name for no extra.

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